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NOTES.

THE German Emperor has for the third time changed his plans in connexion with his Jerusalem trip. First, Egypt was cut out on the ground that political affairs at home called for the Imperial presence in Berlin in the middle of November; then the Syrian visit was itself materially curtailed on the ground of the excessive heat and its effects on the Emperor, and especially on the Empress. Now, however, it appears that the return journey is to be lengthened by several days, the whole party having decided to return by sea, calling at Malta, Gibraltar and Cadiz. All this is very characteristic of Emperor William, and, according to our information, it has no political significance. The Emperor did want to visit Egypt and only abandoned the idea when he discovered that the Sirdar, for whom he has immense admiration, would be gone before his arrival. In the second place, the heat and fatigue and discomfort undoubtedly exercised a most deplorable effect on the Empress, whose health began to give rise to real anxiety. This, we believe, accounted for the sea-voyage idea, although a run across the Bay of Biscay and up the Channel in November is somewhat severe treatment for an invalid. No doubt, also, recent news from Plymouth and Portsmouth has made the Emperor cast many a longing glance at the box in which he keeps his English admiral's uniform, and the prospect of reviewing the combined Channel and Mediterranean squadrons under the guns of Gibraltar is one that appeals to him forcibly. That Cadiz is given a prominent place in the latest itinerary is not unconnected with a desire to show sympathy with Spain.

The health of the Empress, not to speak of that of the Crown Prince, occupies a great deal of the attention of the European quidnuncs just now. The extraordinary interest which the Emperor displayed in Dr. Koch and his phthisis cure some years ago is connected with the persistent rumour that the Empress's lungs are affected, and the fact that the Crown Prince is in garrison in South Germany is brought forward as a proof that his parents wish to spare him the rigours of a Potsdam winter. The fact that we have heard very little of late of the Emperor's ear trouble must not be taken as indicating that it has ceased to give anxiety, and the circumstances of his father's death are not forgotten. So that, taken all together, the "family history," as insurance experts call it, is not a very favourable one, and there is much whispering and shaking of heads accordingly.

The "Frankfurter Zeitung" did a little hard guessing on Tuesday when it announced that, as a result of the Emperor's visit, an offensive and defensive alliance between Germany and Turkey had been concluded, that the Anatolian Railways were at once to

be extended to the Persian Gulf, and that a harbour at each end of the line would be under the virtual control of Germany. This is, as we all know, the Emperor's scheme in railway matters, but there is no evidence whatever that it has been much furthered by the pilgrimage. No doubt Turkey would promise many things in return for a hard and fast German alliance, but the Emperor cannot afford to give Russia such an open defiance as that would involve. The Euphrates Valley Railway ought to have been made years ago, and made by England, but thanks to the feeble vacillation of the Foreign Office, the opportunity was lost. The Tigris Valley will now probably become the highway to the Persian Gulf, and German shareholders will reap the profit of a lucrative line. Ultimately the connexion between Bushire and Karachi will have to be made, and then England and India will find themselves comfortably saddled with the hopelessly non-paying part of the great scheme.

The language of a Foreign Secretary is seldom explicit, and it usually taxes all the resources of a journalist to make concrete deductions from the vague generalisms dictated by diplomacy. But from Lord Salisbury's speech at the Guildhall Banquet there is one fact which may be plainly inferred, and of which no secret is made by the Prime Minister: that the Government mean to continue active war preparations. To the purpose of those preparations no clue is given, unless Lord Salisbury's studious avoidance of any mention of China be an indication of anticipated hostilities in the Far East. Allusions to Crete show that, as far as the Concert of Europe is concerned, the affairs of that island have been temporarily settled. As to Egypt, it is well known to those behind the scenes that the establishment of a British protectorate or the absolute annexation of the country is a mere question of time and favourable opportunity, and the careful phraseology of the Prime Minister leaves plenty of loopholes for any course of action that the future may render advisable. But it is abundantly clear—it is even emphasised by the ambiguous and sophistical explanations of the head of the Ministry—that the Government have seen rocks ahead and are making their preparations accordingly.

The Duke of Devonshire, on the other hand, who has not participated in the diplomatic training of the Prime Minister, might be expected to blurt out statements which would give some clue to the definite object of the unusual activity at the Admiralty and in our dockyards. The tone of the Duke's speech at Eastbourne, on the evening of the Guildhall Banquet, was unusually grave and even guarded. A ray of light seemed to shoot out at the end, however, when he referred to Fashoda as only an incident in a much larger question, and remarked that all causes of controversy between us and the French people are not yet

over. This might be assumed to foreshadow an approaching settlement of the whole Egyptian question, a possibility to which colour has been given by Lord Salisbury, who stated at the Guildhall: "If we are forced by others into a position which we do not now occupy, I do not venture to prophesy what would take place." That Ministers are apprehensive of further complications with France is the one sound inference which can be drawn.

Affairs in the Near and Far East continue in a protracted and almost monotonous state of unsettlement. From China we have received fresh confirmation of the immense activity which is being displayed by Russia in the Northern provinces. Railway building proceeds apace, Manchuria is filled with Cossacks, and Lord Charles Beresford, who has visited Nieu-chwang, declares that Russia's efforts are all in the direction of military domination. Crete, on the other hand, is about to be abandoned to the domestic control of Prince George of Greece. The impending appointment of the latter as High Commissioner is perhaps the best punishment that could have been devised for the Porte. But it must not be supposed that the last has by any means been heard of Cretan affairs. Diplomats experienced in Eastern questions are of opinion that half a century will pass before the complete tranquillisation of Crete will have been accomplished, though we cannot promise to reserve space for the weekly discussion of the turbulent island's evolution for quite that period.

The Court of Cassation has lost no time in beginning its supplementary investigation in the Dreyfus affair. The evidence is being taken in secret, and its character has not leaked out, but the line which the inquiry is taking may be inferred from the witnesses who have been called by the Court this week. On Tuesday General Mercier was examined, and he was followed by General Billot and M. Cavaignac. How far these witnesses will give truthful evidence which might, in the result, tend to incriminate some of themselves is a matter of doubt, but if the rumour is true that the Court intends to interrogate Colonel Schwartzkoppen and Colonel Panizzardi, it is in the way to get the basic facts. For if these two military attachés swear that they never at any time or in any form had dealings with Dreyfus, the case against that unhappy victim fails completely. It was for Colonel Schwartzkoppen that the bordereau was prepared, and it seems reasonable to suppose that he knows who prepared it. In this country, of course, we all believe that the scoundrel Esterhazy was its author, and in the end we make no doubt that the Court of Cassation will arrive at the same conclusion.

We all know the kind of conceited man who, by a chance hit, attains a small success in a game of thought-reading, and thereafter constitutes himself a clairvoyant and a bore. At the present time the "Daily Chronicle" seems bent upon developing in that direction. By mere good luck, abetted by obstinacy, it overturned the De Rougemont tale. Flushed with this victory, it has entered upon a great career of mystery-hunting with its usual enthusiasm and more than its usual lack of judgment. The point of interrogation which served as the first headline in the De Rougemont affair is being done to death. Day by day the Editor bores us with a new mystery; now it is about Marchand and the Khalifa, then it is a terrible assassination plot in Paris, again it is about a British Protectorate in Egypt. But nothing comes of all this mystery-mongering, except that the readers of the "Daily Chronicle" are suffering now for the joy they had in the De Rougemont hunt. That is their own affair, of course: what concerns us is the deplorable fact that the "Chronicle" is applying the methods of the Penny Dreadful to international politics.

Mr. Schreiner's ministry at the Cape does not give promise of being long-lived. Government with a majority of one would be impossible even in a country where the party in power was a well-organized and homogeneous group, but with a com-

bination whose only bond of union is hostility to Mr. Rhodes, the attempt becomes a farce. Already Mr. Schreiner has been cornered on the question of redistribution, and has had to put the subject forward as an immediate and vital issue. The committee now sitting to settle details will be dominated by Mr. Rhodes, who is at his best when seated at a table talking business with half a dozen men, the majority of whom, independent of party, are in their hearts mortally afraid of him and of his vast power. If Mr. Hofmeyr were there it might be a different story; as it is, the committee will agree to redistribution much on Mr. Rhodes' lines, and in the dissolution which will inevitably follow a small but sufficient Rhodesian majority is certain. The throwing over of the Transvaal by Germany has taken the heart out of the really anti-English section of the Afrianders, and all parties are seriously anxious to see an end of the dismal state of things that has obtained alike in business and in politics since the Raid.

Lord Curzon of Kedleston, as we must now begin to call the new Viceroy, made a good speech at the Royal Societies' Club on Monday; indeed, since he has escaped from the incubus of Downing Street he seems to improve daily. But it was hardly kind of him to scoff so openly at Lord Salisbury and Lord George Hamilton as he did in the remark that "the man who has never been east of Suez does not know what the British Empire is." It is true that the Foreign Secretary once wielded a pick and shovel in the Australian goldfields, but that youthful indiscretion is hardly a qualification for Imperial leadership; and as for Lord George Hamilton, we doubt if he has ever been east of Harwich. That Lord Curzon has some of the drawbacks of his youth is only too apparent, but he has also some of its advantages. The fossils and barnacles, of which he will find plenty in the India Office and Calcutta, are the worst enemies of India, and he will want all his courage and self-confidence to hold his own against them. He has one great advantage in starting work with a fresh and capable Finance Minister taken from Egypt, where the training is probably the best to be had anywhere in the Empire.

Mr. T. B. Potter was an excellent specimen of the middle-class politician who, having brought England to the verge of revolution for the sake of abolishing the Corn Laws, was very much astonished and shocked when the workmen in their turn developed "grievances," and threatened to upset our whole industrial and political system if their demands were not granted. Cheap bread was a good thing, because it hurt the landlords and provided cheap labour for the manufacturers. For the manufacturers to combine against the territorial aristocracy was right and proper; but for labour to turn against the capitalists, call them aristocrats, and demand higher wages and restrictions on unhealthy trades, was blasphemy against free trade and free competition and *laissez-faire*, and the rest of the gospel according to Cobden. Perhaps Mr. Potter's best epitaph, from the political point of view, would be a statement of the simple fact that he founded the Cobden Club, and lived to see it almost in a state of extinction on its jubilee, while democratic Rochdale, which had been Liberal since the Reform Bill, and which, in 1885, returned him by a majority of 1200, returned his Tory successor in 1895 by a majority of 400.

There are people who actually claim that London is a civilised city, people who are aware that we stop our business, and even our prayers, to gaze worshipfully once a year upon the Lord Mayor and the Lord Mayor's gilt coach. The newspapers, of course, pander to this mumbo-jumboism, and this week they have been congratulating the City upon having achieved a show which has not been surpassed for many years. Yet what were the essentials of this achievement? A few tawdry wisps of paper flowers hung up in the foggy air; a lifeboat which became strangely vulgar when seen in a crowded thoroughfare; certain cars which were supposed to be emblematic and only succeeded in being fatuous; certain heroes in shining helmets who looked sick at being turned into supers to assist in a

Lord Mayor's pantomime; and a clashing medley of brazen instruments that made the daylight hideous. There was no single touch of grace to make the thing desirable, for the genius of this people does not tend towards beauty, and were beauty attempted in London upon a November day, even the weather would make of it a bitter mockery.

Lord Russell, in his remarks to the Lord Mayor as to evils which have crept into company promoting and company directing, said what all of us have been saying on the subject, and said it with all his noted precision and force. But when, as a lawyer, he came to indicate the remedies for the disease he was vague and uncertain. This is the real crux. The keenest men in law and in business have sat on committees and have brought in bills on this very question, but nothing practical has come of it. Why? Because the real disease lies with the public and not with the promoters. The public will have their favourite promoter of the movement, and will back him to any extent, just as they will have their favourite actor or their favourite advocate (Lord Russell knows that) or their favourite preacher. The Lord Chief Justice wants it enacted that the public shall have more "information." Both information! cries the public. It is notorious that they never read prospectuses. They only know that one of Jones's new companies is coming out, and whether it is a cabbage garden in the Sahara or a gold mine at the North Pole they do not care. They set out to besiege Jones at his hotel, and to hunt up his friends and relations and to arrange and beg and bribe in order to get an early allotment. And then if anything goes wrong they abuse the very people whom they fawned on a few weeks before.

If the Lord Chief Justice did not betray much acquaintance with the acute educational problems of to-day, when in his speech to the students at Queen's Hall, he drew attention to at least one crying abuse in alluding to the inadequate payment of teachers, the importance of good teachers, who can only be attracted to the profession by the prospect of a sufficient remuneration, is often apt to be overlooked amid the mass of other obstacles to an efficient system of education in this country. But we cannot agree with Lord Russell that it is the dull scholar who suffers through class instruction. In our experience it is far oftener the minority of bright pupils which is retarded by the slower progress of the average-witted majority. A wider and improved system of commercial education is certainly a great educational want at this moment; and in another place we draw attention to the complete disorganization of our higher education, and to the obstacles which are opposed to its advance by the very authorities who should have the matter most at heart.

If any one in America or in Europe expected a clear lead from the November elections, he must admit complete disappointment. Colonel Roosevelt, of the famous "rough riders," has come out with a good majority for the Governorship of New York State, although his party were badly beaten in New York City and in the State Congressional Elections, which only proves that in the United States, as elsewhere, a dashing soldier catches the popular fancy, and wins votes quite independent of party issues. The Democratic rally in the Eastern States is only what was to be expected as soon as the party had pulled itself together after Mr. Bryan had split up the party on the silver issue, and the slight Republican gains in the Far West are doubtless owing, in the same way, to the return to the fold of Republicans momentarily lured from their party by the attractions of the "boy orator." The new "expansion" policy does not seem anywhere to have had much influence, for any McKinleyite gain in the "gunpowder and glory" direction was more than counterbalanced by the damaging attacks made on the mismanagement and incompetence of the War Office and of Mr. Secretary Alger. The net result is that the Republicans have consolidated their position in the Senate, and have only very narrowly escaped defeat in the House.

The Anti-anarchist Conference has been convened for the 24th. Three propositions which the Italian Minister

for Foreign Affairs will submit for discussion are as follows: (1) Anarchists must be regarded as criminals under the common law, and not as politicians. (2) Extradition should be established for anarchists as for other criminals. (3) To adopt means for limiting and suppressing subversive propaganda in the Press. No doubt the Italian Government thinks that these three matters are capable of easy adjustment; but we hope that as Lord Salisbury half-heartedly indicated on Wednesday night, they will be speedily undeceived. For in England, at least, we are determined not to assist Italy in shirking her duty to her people or in curtailing their liberty. The anarchists which she seeks to gather into her prisons by aid of this Conference are not really anarchists at all. They are simply, as we said in these columns a few weeks ago, a monstrous product of police tyranny, military oppression and general misgovernment. What the Italian and other European Governments require is not more rigorous laws, but more enlightened and more humane laws, and it is to be hoped that the English delegates to this Conference will make that fact abundantly plain.

The Charity Organization Society, which never seems to be really enjoying itself except when it is checking and intercepting charity, had a special Council meeting this week to discuss "the Co-operation of Charity versus Outdoor Relief." We do not quite know what it all means, and the "Times" report does not help us, except that Guardians were scolded for giving some poor people threepence a day, and allowing them to keep up something resembling home life, whereas they might be marched off to the workhouse, in which "wisely and humanely managed institution" they would be taught self-reliance and all the nobler virtues. Not that the Charity Organizers would say that charity was necessarily wicked in all cases. If a "poor person" was of good character and had shown reasonable thrift, and had been reasonably helped by his relatives and friends, then perhaps even threepence a day might be allowed him. We should like to know which of the Charity Organizers would like to submit his own life to the kind of inquisition involved in the investigation of these three questions. The debate that followed was worthy of the original speech, except that one gentleman so far forgot himself as to remind the Council that "Christ's religion was that the rich should help the poor." Remarks of this sort are calculated to create a very painful impression at a Charity Organization meeting; but to do them justice, those present restrained themselves, and behaved with propriety even under such disgraceful provocation.

If official statistics are of any value, the annual report of the Labour Department on strikes and lock-outs should drive home the lesson of latter-day labour troubles. Mr. Llewellyn Smith's return for 1897 shows that 230,000 men lost 10,000,000 working days, and attained their object for which they fought in a bare 21 per cent. of the conflicts. In the last five years over 60,000,000 working days have thus been lost, representing, probably, a nett sacrifice of some £18,000,000 or £20,000,000 in wages alone. Since the employers took a leaf out of the trade unionist book and federated, it is noteworthy how strikes have resolved themselves into gigantic industrial and economic campaigns. We may see the effect of these conflicts in our trade returns. In the beginning of 1898 our exports went back owing to the South Wales coal strike; in 1897 they went back owing to the engineering strike. In the past three months we have been congratulating ourselves on a change for the better. Exports, as compared with the corresponding period in 1897, have advanced, but it is important to remember that the full force of the engineering strike was manifest in that period. We are, consequently, setting a period of peace against a period of conflict—obviously an unfair test.

At the Liverpool Diocesan Conference last Tuesday the Bishop of Liverpool cursed the Ritualists in proper ecclesiastical terms, and enumerated all the ways in which they had dragged down the Church of England from the high ideal of the Reformation. According to this wrathful Bishop, the Ritualists have returned to the

Romish Mass; they set up altars in all their churches, call the clergyman a sacrificing priest, believe in the doctrine of transubstantiation, erect images in their churches, trick out their services with processions, incense-burning, flag-carrying, gestures and candles, and teach Mariolatry. It is a large indictment, and the fashion in which the Bishop denounced his Christian brethren was full strong; yet nobody, we take it, was a penny the worse. Even the Bishop himself must think that the crusade against Ritualists is not a success when he declares that his only hope is in Parliament. But even if that should turn out to be a vain hope, this crusade will have taught us that bigotry is now at last extinguished in the Church of England, and that these particular Christians do really love one another.

In his capacity of Professor of Poetry, Mr. W. I. Courthope is delivering a series of lectures at Oxford which are more notable for their grandiose generalisations than for critical insight or practical value. Last Saturday, in his lecture upon the genius of German poetry, his doctrine was particularly inflated. In effect he put aside Aristotle as a somewhat antiquated person who, as compared with W. I. Courthope, had only a limited knowledge of the laws that govern poetry. In proof of this claim he offered his hearers stuff like this: "The form of the universal in fine art must be stamped with a particular character, expressive of the artist's age and nation, and in harmony with the laws of the particular art employed. The law of character in poetry is to be collected by observing the practice of representative national poets, by studying historically the general drift of taste in each nation, and by comparing the drift of taste in one nation with that in another." There is nothing new in this, of course, except the gaseous language of the lecturer; and when he comes down to apply his method we find him actually making the assertion that Heine was a representative German. A plain man might be forgiven for thinking that Heine was at his highest when he escaped from German diffuseness and German sentimentality.

The reports of two lectures—the one upon English art, the other upon English architecture—which appeared in the "Times" of Monday, are somewhat pitiful reading. Not that Sir W. B. Richmond or Professor Aitchison offered their rambling disquisitions to that end. On the contrary, they are both jubilant, with an astonishingly smug jubilation, at the recent triumphs of English art and English architecture. So dithyrambic does Professor Aitchison become that he actually claims for his fellow architects that they have converted London from a dull city into "a town as picturesque and varied as the old towns of France and Flanders." As a flight of the untutored imagination that statement seems hard to surpass; but Sir W. B. Richmond, in his capacity of prophet, actually managed to surpass it. He declared that two centuries hence the artists would humbly admit that all they knew of art they had learned from a few English artists who lived in the nineteenth century. We suppose Sir W. B. Richmond means Sir W. B. Richmond and his friends. But we did not know that these gentlemen were artists.

The electors to the Headmastership of University College School are certainly to be congratulated on the choice which they have made. Few, if any, schoolmasters in England have such a record as Mr. F. Pierrepont Barnard's. He was the creator of the Islington Grammar School, and he raised Reading School from the lowest point of depression to a position such as it has never held since the days of the famous Dr. Valpy. His appointment is of the happiest augury to scholastic interests in London, for he is still hardly in the prime of life, and it is no secret that he was induced to stand for the appointment purely from his enthusiasm in the cause of education. We have little doubt that he will soon be one of a trio of schoolmasters of whom London has indeed reason to be proud—the High Master of St. Paul's and the Head Master of the City of London Schools.

WHY IRELAND IS NOT FREE.

IT is a commonplace to say, that if ever Ireland had shown the capacity to unite and to remain united for a single generation, she would have been able to maintain her freedom much more easily, for physical reasons if for nothing else, than Scotland maintained hers. But the wild delights of the faction fight prevailed over the duty of national unity, and so she has always been at the mercy of her stronger neighbour. In any case Ireland's "manifest destiny," like that of Scotland, was to be united to England, but a free union between two self-respecting nations would have meant peace and progress instead of the seven centuries of bloodshed and misgovernment through which Ireland has had to pass.

These somewhat obvious reflections have been suggested to us by a little green book that has just made its appearance on our table. "Why Ireland is not Free" is its title, and as its author is Mr. Tim Healy and its subject Mr. John Dillon, we need not say that it is as vigorous a piece of mud-throwing as even the political history of Ireland has produced. If the Irish public was only governed by reason instead of by their emotions, it would certainly mean the annihilation of Mr. Dillon, because Mr. Healy proves his case from first to last by citing chapter and verse for his conclusion that his rival is destitute alike of political capacity and of political principle. But we have no hesitation in saying that this book will not seduce a single voter from the Irish Parliamentary party of which Mr. Dillon is the leader to that which looks to Mr. Healy, and the simple reason is that in Ireland people don't listen to their opponents or read their arguments. They "make a faction" or join one, and then they fight like demons for "their side." Once in a century or so a great man appears and unites the factions for a while, until one of his lieutenants feels himself strong enough to deal him a stab in the back and head a faction for himself—and then the free fight begins again. Even among the smaller Party-leaders the case is the same. And so Young Ireland rises against O'Connell, Dillon strikes down Butt, when the old lion's nerve has begun to fail him, and Healy deals a deadly blow at Parnell when, lured by "a rag and a bone and a hank of hair," he has stepped aside for a while from his work. So the weary tale of faction goes its round, and Ireland is not free, although, no doubt, its "leaders" have, like the parrot in the story, been "having a deuce of a time."

Some will have it that it is their long memories that make the Irish impossible as practical politicians. But long memory should mean stored wisdom, and the Irish like the Bourbons have never yet learnt the wisdom of occasional forgetfulness. We all remember that at the fall of Mr. Parnell there were certain recriminations; we have heard of "Committee Room 15," and of the Kilkenny election. We also heard there was also the "battle for the 'Freeman'" involving some hot language. But in English politics, when a battle is over, it is over, the parties shake down, the visitor makes some concessions, the vanquished accepts the situation; in a few years old issues are forgotten, or have become of merely historical interest. In Ireland it is still a valid argument against a candidate for a District Council that his grandfather a century ago, or his great-great-grandfather two centuries ago took the unpopular side at Vinegar Hill or at the Boyne. And even Mr. Healey, keen-sighted and modern to the finger tips, does not see that in flaying poor Mr. Dillon, he is proving his own incapacity to take the place from which he drags the elected leader of the party. He talks of the "paralysing influence of division," and does not recognise that, by his own action in the Parnell crisis and now, he is creating division and making it irreparable. What was Napoleon's judgment on the Irish leaders of a century ago when they were in his camp, asking his aid to throw off the rule of England? "Ils étaient divisés d'opinion, et se querellaient continuellement entre eux." It might have been written yesterday, or five centuries ago, or seven.

Mr. Parnell's estimate of Mr. Dillon, that he was "as vain as a peacock, and had about as much brains," is evidently one of the few points on which Mr. Healy

thoroughly agrees with his late leader. There is here none of the holy indignation of Junius denouncing a powerful minister. Whether it is Mr. Dillon or Mr. O'Brien, or Mr. Davitt, or Mr. T. P. O'Connor on whom the vitriol-squirt is turned, it is always half cynical contempt for some petty creature of an inferior order that is expressed. The great "suspension" scene of February, 1881, described in glowing language by Irish writers of contemporary history, is explained as arising from a mere piece of self-assertion indulged in by Mr. Dillon, "to the chagrin of Mr. Parnell." His defiance of the "black-coated and black-hearted janissaries" of the law, which led to so many evictions and outrages in Ireland, was simply a clumsy blunder in tactics, whereby many landlords' solicitors have been enabled to make solid provision for their declining years, whilst a malicious pleasure is taken in pointing out how Mr. Dillon's "failing health" always prompted him to take a trip to Colorado or other favourable climate just at the moment when coercion threatened to become a painful physical reality. The famous Plan of Campaign, of course, comes in for its share of criticism, but it is really needless to waste space in exposing the folly of what was probably the most gratuitous and necessarily suicidal blunder ever committed by a political party. It throws an interesting light on the intelligence and capacity of Mr. Dillon's English admirers that no act of his wonderful career provoked so much enthusiastic admiration and so much babbling sympathy as this inapt blunder, which carried within itself the disruption and the financial ruin of the National League.

Much space is given to the Parnell crisis, and we fancy we can detect signs that Mr. Healy is growing conscious that in deserting Mr. Parnell at the bidding of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Stead he committed the great mistake of his life. But the destiny of the Celt was open, so, after a few days' hesitation, he headed straight for schism and for ruin. Reticence was not to be characteristic of the struggle that ensued, and most of the documents here arranged have already been published. But there is one jewel of that controversy that now shines in the light for the first time. On the day after the split an attempt was made to enlist the editor of the "Freeman" on the Anti-Parnellite side. His telegraphed reply was terse and to the point; "We've got the chief, we've got the funds, we've got the Press, we've got the organisation, and we'll knock Hell out of you." And so they would but for many causes, the first of which was that the bishops, who had long been looking for an opportunity, chose the occasion to strike with crushing effect, bringing to bear all the terrors of the Church in this world and the next against the Parnellites from the highest to the lowest. And, after all, it is the Church that says the last word in Ireland.

And so Ireland has had "seven years' civil war," as Mr. Healy calls it, and the "freedom" of which he dreams is postponed for a generation—that is, for ever, for, now that the agrarian grievance has ceased to press on the people, the verbal gymnastics of 1848, of 1866, and of 1879 have become mere anachronisms. Ireland had her chance under Parnell: such a chance as she never had before and can never hope to see again, and she hopelessly bungled it, because, as we have said, Mr. Healy and Mr. Dillon and the rest of them prefer, and always have preferred (unless when they are kept in line by the iron discipline of a Parnell), faction fighting to unity.

A CONTEMPTIBLE VERDICT.

FOR some weeks now a coroner's jury, a provincial jury at Kenley, in Surrey, has been inquiring into the causes and circumstances of Mr. Harold Frederic's death. Before discussing their verdict and its value, I may be allowed to call public attention to one or two astonishing incidents which preceded the verdict, and probably were in part responsible for it. Ever since the inquest began the "Daily Chronicle" has been writing on this matter; again and again this print has inveighed against "Christian Science," and boldly ascribed poor Frederic's death to this "absurd superstition." Of course, the temptation to follow up the Rougemont scandal by another sensation was almost irresistible to the conductors of the "Chronicle"; but still, they should have remembered that no reputable

English paper allows itself to comment on a case that is *sub judice*. It is necessary to protest against such conduct, and no one will hold that the offence of the "Chronicle" is extenuated by the fact that its Editor always professed to be a personal friend and admirer of Harold Frederic.

The most serious offender in this matter (after the "Chronicle") has been a well-known divine, Canon Eyton of Westminster. The cleric who has sounded all the uses of advertisement is a common or garden product of these latter days. But when a Canon in a sermon in Westminster Abbey forgets the chief obligation of his creed, the fact is still rare enough to deserve particular censure. The weak-minded clergyman nowadays seeks to make his discourse interesting by lugging in what it has become the fashion to call "actualities." The only thing that interests a small mind is a sensational fact, and so the mediocrities are always in search of such pearls. Far-reaching generalities that delight the intellect, the exultations and agonies of man, are nothing like so interesting to the flat-headed as a tid-bit of scandal or a succulent morsel of envy larded with venomous comment. On Sunday last Canon Eyton said (I take the "Daily Mail" report which the Canon has not contradicted nor amended, in spite of the fact that he allowed himself to be interviewed by the same paper on the following day), "Christian Science with its tale of manslaughter is part of the muddy stream of abject credulity which engulfs so many lives at the end of the nineteenth century." I leave this phrase to the judgment of the "indifferent honest," reminding the careless that Canon Eyton here makes himself judge and jury too, in order to condemn for "manslaughter" one or two women whom even the coroner asserted were "well-meaning." In his interview with the "Daily Mail" reporter next day, the eminent exponent of Christ's loving-kindness railed against "credulity." "What can be said," the Canon asked rhetorically, "of a sane man who refuses to have a doctor, and calls in faith-healers when a leg is broken or even in a case of confinement? . . . What the age lacks," he concluded, "is common sense."

This is surely strange doctrine in the mouth of a Church of England clergyman. Is then faith like a grain of mustard seed able to move mountains, as Jesus said it was, but unable to heal a broken leg? The dilemma is immediate; either Canon Eyton does not believe in prayer, in which case he ought to give up his profession, position and pay; or else he does believe in it, in which case he should apologise for and repent these atheistic utterances. It is not "common sense," O belated disciple of poor Kingsley, that this age lacks; the feeble grasping after straws, like Christian Science, shows that the age is drowning in common sense, smothered in common sense and choking; it is uncommon sense that this age and all ages want, and sympathy, and—above all—charity, or as we would phrase it to-day "imagination," that divine gift which enabled Christ to feel with the adulterous woman and the halt and maimed and blind, and which forced Paul to endure even fools gladly. I must not be led away from the main issue by my own emotion; I believe that a great wrong has been done, and that it can only be partially righted if the Treasury refuses to support the disgraceful verdict of this coroner's jury. Therefore let us return to the case. In his summing up the coroner said:

"The evidence of all the medical men was to the effect that death was undoubtedly accelerated by the want of medical treatment, and that if Mr. Frederic had continued under the care of the doctors, he would in all probability have got over his illness. As to his mental condition, all the evidence seemed to point to the fact the deceased was a strong-minded, obstinate, and self-opinionated man. As to his physical condition, his right side was paralysed, he suffered from great bodily weakness, and was therefore entitled in the eye of the law to the same protection and care from those who had charge of him as a child would be. If any one took upon themselves the care of the deceased, and the jury were of opinion that the death was due to their neglect, then they would be guilty of manslaughter."

For the moment I shall ignore the doctors' evidence, and handle merely the summing up of the worthy

Coroner, which, it seems to me, is neither satisfactory nor reasonable. It is unsatisfactory because the evidence showed that Frederic, even after the paralytic stroke, was perfectly sane and able to conduct his own affairs. This was the evidence given by Dr. Brown, who attended him more regularly than any other medical man; this was the testimony, too, of Mr. Pollen, a barrister, whom Frederic had chosen to draw up his will, and of Mr. Stokes, Frederic's executor, and also of Mr. Barron and myself, friends of many years' standing. Against this mass of specialist and informed opinion, there was, it is true, the evidence of his child, a girl of eighteen or twenty, who swore that her father was insane. And this testimony was interested.

The second point is that the coroner expressly charged the jury that if a man were physically "impotent" (that was the word used) he "was entitled, in the eye of the law, to the same protection and care from those who had charge of him as a child would be." Now this, I submit, is neither English law nor English sense. Let me take the actual case we are dealing with. Here was Harold Frederic, a man of great ability, "strong-minded, obstinate and self-opinionated." He had been accustomed for years to exercise authority and control over all those who surrounded him. The coroner's supposition is that it is the duty, now, of the woman who loves him and is nursing him to treat him as if he were a child. When Harold Frederic ordered a doctor out it was the duty of Miss Lyon to bring the doctor back again because, forsooth, Harold Frederic was physically unable to keep his house-door locked. Again, if Harold Frederic refused to take medicine, it was Miss Lyon's duty to force the stuff down his throat as one might do to a peevish child. Now, mark it. If Miss Lyon refused to exercise this infamous tyranny she rendered herself liable to be accused of "feloniously killing and slaying"—to use the language of the police—the man she loved. On the other hand, I maintain that if Miss Lyon had attempted to treat Harold Frederic as a perverse child she would probably have driven him frantic with rage, or brought on another paralytic stroke, or forced him to some violent measure of self-assertion that would certainly have dissipated his small residue of bodily strength.

I have quoted the coroner's charge from the report of the "Daily Chronicle," and Mr. Percy Morrison in this case did undoubtedly so charge the jury. There are several things to be said in excuse of him; first of all, he was misled by his hatred of "Christian Science," as were, indeed, all the jurymen and most of the witnesses. Secondly, he was so deaf that he perpetually misunderstood what was said to him, and again and again he twisted the evidence to agree with his own opinion, happily guarded against shame by his natural infirmity.

But the deaf coroner and the twelve egregious yokels triumphed, and brought in the idiotic verdict that Harold Frederic's death was not due to natural causes, nor yet to his own wilfulness, but to Miss Lyon's neglect, and to her belief and Mrs. Mills' belief in the efficacy of prayer rather than pills. Now, first of all every witness—save again the daughter—admitted that nothing could surpass the devotion and care which Miss Lyon showed to the deceased. Yet she is accused of having "feloniously slain" the man she adored and served as if he had been her God.

This is no ordinary miscarriage of justice, nor can it be sufficiently explained by the facts that the Coroner was prejudiced and deaf, and that the jury were prejudiced and stupid. To a certain extent the doctors and their prejudices are also responsible for the disgraceful verdict. First of all there was a certain Dr. Boyd, who constituted himself a friend and mentor of Frederic's on the apparently insufficient ground that he too was an American. Accordingly he sent two male nurses into Frederic's house to take care of the sick man, and when ordered out of the house by Frederic and overwhelmed with contumely and abuse, wrote to Miss Lyon that if Frederic happened to die she would be partly responsible for his death. His "mamelukes," as poor Frederic called the male nurses, were kept in the house by Miss Lyon for weeks after Frederic declared that he would not let them serve or come near

him. But this "prophetic (!) letter" of Dr. Boyd was read to the jury and produced a great effect on them. One might paraphrase Schiller, and assert that "with stupidity one conquers the stupid." Then there is Dr. Brown, the local practitioner, whose testimony was honest though tainted with professional prejudice. He declared that in the *post-mortem* he found an embolism in Frederic's brain and a consequent softening of the surrounding tissue; he admitted that he had ordered the deceased a little whiskey and other indulgences and believed that drugs would not have done Frederic's paralysis much good. At the same time he asserted somewhat illogically that Frederic would probably have recovered had he been in the doctor's hands from the beginning. This pious opinion was more than corroborated by a Dr. Freiberger, a German apparently, who felt as sure of having being able to cure Frederic if he had been left in his charge as if he had held the keys of life and death in his hands.

The whole case for the prosecution is too weak to require refutation, or, indeed, to admit of it. Poor Harold Frederic was not a child; but a sane though wilful man of genius; he was always impatient of guidance or control to an extraordinary degree, and if some of his friends denied that he was a Christian Scientist, all of them admit that when in good health he loved to maintain that prayer was a surer panacea for human suffering than any pill. Fortunately, I have not here to weigh conflicting testimony; the reader will find Frederic's opinions in "Gloria Mundi," the book published by Mr. Heinemann after his death.

Now, what will be the outcome of the case? Will the Treasury endorse the verdict of the coroner's jury, and order a prosecution of these two unfortunate women? I cannot believe it; I refuse to believe it; it is bad enough to have tortured Miss Lyon as she has already been tortured without inflicting upon her the additional and gratuitous torture of a criminal trial when she has deserved nothing but human sympathy or human pity. If the authorities wish to attack "Christian Scientists" and faith-healing, they will find a better opportunity when some parent has allowed an infant child to die of an easily curable malady. The parent's duty there is clear; clear also the criminal neglect. But here there was neither duty nor neglect. I am certain that on due consideration the Treasury will refuse to prosecute either Miss Lyon or Mrs. Mills in this case, and I have written this article not so much to inform public opinion nor to persuade the Treasury authorities, as to give Miss Lyon at least the poor satisfaction of knowing that her wonderful devotion and loyalty to the man we both loved was not everywhere misunderstood and derided.

I may add that, as some of the baser sort have dared to talk of a profit to be derived under Harold Frederic's will, the executor tells me that Frederic's debts amount to something like two thousand pounds, while his assets are now *nil*, and scarcely likely ever to reach the indebtedness. Perhaps the virulence of the prosecution and persecution will cease now that the profit is known to be non-existent.

FRANK HARRIS.

THE MUSKETEERS.

A FIRST night at Her Majesty's Theatre is quite as much a social as a dramatic event of importance, and perhaps for this reason the contributor of dramatic criticism to the "Saturday Review" preferred to appear, on the occasion of the production of Mr. Sydney Grundy's version of the elder Dumas's famous novel, in another character than that of critic. In any case, it is at his request that I take up my heavier pen.

Mr. Grundy's piece has one great merit which has, no doubt, been already commented on, but is at once so conspicuous, wonderful and solitary that he can hardly be praised too much for it. I refer to the marvellous skill and ingenuity he has displayed in telling a clear story, while he managed at the same time to include a very large number of the leading incidents which give character to the novel, and are familiar even to many who have never read and never will read it. Among playgoers at least I believe these persons to be the

more numerous, and for once, I fear, Max was in a majority when, in speaking of Mr. Hamilton's "Three Musketeers" the other day he claimed to be among the number. This quality of clearness will add very much to the popularity of the version at Her Majesty's. The generation which sat in measureless content through repeated performances of "The Hunchback" has gone, and with it went the taste for dramatic puzzles. Whether Mr. Grundy was exhausted or not by the exercise of so much ingenuity in the construction of his piece it is impossible to say, but he has exhibited certain grave shortcomings which are not usually found in his work. The first error appears to me to be capital. In common, I believe, with most real lovers of the modern stage, I go to the theatre mainly in order to see a favourite actor or actress, and the play is more or less satisfactory according as it gives the leading actor opportunity for a due display of his talents. It must be a matter of common observation that, when a young lady in the country—country ladies are the most constant supporters of the drama—is asked on her return from a visit to town about the plays she has seen, the answer invariably is, "We went to see Irving, Wyndham, Beerbohm Tree," as the case may be, as if to name the play in the same breath were to insult the actor. A concession is made in Shakespeare—"we saw So-and-so in 'Hamlet.'" Whatever Mr. Archer may say to the contrary, the play is *not* the thing to the weaker brethren. Now, but for Mr. Tree's predominating personality, the part of D'Artagnan would be of quite secondary importance in "The Musketeers," and even as it is, the chief interest is centred in "Milady," a circumstance which gives Mrs. Brown-Potter an opportunity for showing quite unexpected powers. Within the present year Mr. Tree has allowed Mr. Waller to play the *beau rôle* in "Julius Cæsar," and, having now done as much for Mrs. Brown-Potter, he cannot be justly charged with indulging the vice, said to be inherent in actor-managers, of monopolising his own stage. Two other defects are very noticeable; first, the historical or quasi-historical interest attaching to the piece has been woefully neglected. Beyond the brawling, the costumes in some measure and the scenery, there is very little seventeenth-century atmosphere about the performance. The dialogue is so poor that it is difficult to believe that Mr. Grundy must be credited with it. D'Artagnan's first appearance furnishes a fair specimen, when Mr. Tree is made to say in reply to the jeering crowd whose mirth is aroused by the "original" colour of his horse, "There is a saying in my country that those laugh best who laugh last." The spirit of this aphorism, fortunately more common in the mouths of persons of sixty than of twenty years of age, dominates the dialogue; and it is unpardonable to make the really witty *cadet de Gascoyne* talk such stuff.

The piece is divided into ten tableaux, including a prologue which explains the relations which subsisted between Althos, or, to give his proper title, the Comte de la Fère, with Milady, or Anne de Bueil, before the opening of the story. In the programme the name is spelt "Breuil," and I have no means at hand of persuading myself that it is misspelt in the ordinary two-volume edition, published by M. M. Calman Lévy. The prologue is not uninteresting, Mrs. Brown-Potter strikes the marked melodramatic note which carries her through the part with success, Mr. Frank Mills shows that he at last is quite unable to rescue the part of Athos from absurdity, and Mr. Cookson manages to pull through the branding business in fairly credible fashion, while he looks the part of the terrible "Man in the Red Cloak," the "Executioner of Lille," to the life.

The second tableau is the pretty and amusing scene at the inn at Meung, where the dramatic hare is, so to speak, started. Here one sees the very simple materials out of which Dumas made his wonderful romance. The mere circumstance of a horse's curious colours enabled him to strike the keynote of his hero's character and to begin to weave the web of his plot. The horse behaved with great propriety, and Mr. Tree, with the help of Mrs. Brown-Potter, contrived to keep things on the right side of farcical-comedy line, beyond which Mr. Norman McKinnel, as Rochefort, did his best to hurry them. Throughout the rest of the piece

this gentleman played with some success, so perhaps the blame for his failure in this scene should lie at the door of the author. Mr. Tree was particularly excellent in the fight, which was more effective than the elaborate combat in the third tableau, a beautiful specimen of the scene-painter's art, representing a quadrangle in the Louvre, where D'Artagnan makes the acquaintance of Athos, Aramis and Parthos, also that of M. de Tréville, the captain of the musketeers. The last is played by Mr. Stevens, who makes up at least twenty years older than he was supposed to be at the time. He and the King had been boys together, and as the story opens in 1625 the King, to be accurate, was twenty-four years old. The feature of this tableau is, as I have said, the fight with the Cardinal's guard. The fights, it may be remarked, were arranged "under the direction of Captain Hutton," and as far as their archaeological accuracy is concerned, there is no more to be said. But I wonder if Captain Hutton found this fight effective. The combatants were arranged end on to the audience, which, I submit, is a mistake. There is no reality about a stage sword-thrust seen from this point of view. I can only recall two good stage duels in the whole course of my experience—Sir Henry Irving's in the "Corsican Brothers" and the burlesque version of the same given by Miss Nellie Farren and Mr. Royce at the Gaiety. The latter, when stripped of the extravagance, no doubt very funny in its way, was fought with vigorous spirit and, I suspect, a truth which I have found lacking in more serious stage encounters. Who has ever seen the duel in "Hamlet," on which so much depends, satisfactorily presented? This sort of thing is really better done in France. The next scene, which takes place in Milady's lodgings, is in every way the most important of the whole series of tableaux. It affords Mr. Tree his one chance throughout the entire piece of showing those qualities which have earned him the high place he deservedly holds in his profession. Since the death of Mr. Terriss there is no actor on the stage who wears the fashions of a bygone age with greater ease and distinction as Mr. Tree. In this case he appears in a very handsome and carefully considered suit of yellow and blue, and, were it not for his stature, his appearance might be said to suggest the character he is playing with some approach to *vraisemblance*—his physique is against him all through the part. The dramatic incident of the discovery of the fleur de lis branded on Milady's shoulder is done full justice to; the love-making is excellent. Mrs. Brown-Potter is quite admirable here, and Mr. Grundy avoided wounding the susceptibilities of the young lady in the dress-circle with much skill. But the playwright's great coup is reserved for the ninth tableau, when D'Artagnan returns with his companions bearing the diamonds which the Queen had given to Buckingham, and must wear at the Ball if she is to preserve her reputation with the King. The time is rapidly running out when the clatter of horses is heard on the pavement outside the palace, drawing nearer and nearer. Finally, the musketeers burst into the room, travel-stained and exhausted, just in the nick of time. I cannot admire the way the thing is done. The musketeers strike attitudes in the manner of comic-opera brigands or pantomimists; but this is not Mr. Grundy's fault. The effect of the "noise outside" has never been used to better purpose. I have little space to speak of the other performers. The Richelieu of Mr. McLeay was a creditable piece of work, on the sound lines of a good stage convention. He wore his magnificent dress well, and the great exit after his disgrace was the finest pictorial effect in the piece. His intrusion, disguised as a friar, in the second tableau was a most unnecessary error of taste, of which Mr. Grundy should be heartily ashamed. Mrs. Tree looked charming as Anne of Austria. But it is melancholy to think that an actress possessing such remarkable talents for comedy should be fated to waste so much time in parts of this description. Miss Mabel Love as her attendant gave evidence of careful drilling. Clearly she felt some surprise at finding herself on the boards of Her Majesty's—a surprise which the audience probably shared. It is necessary to remind Mr. Herbert Ross that he is cast for the character of Louis XIII., not

Agag; he should reconsider his interpretation of the part with least possible delay. Mr. Waller, who was an almost ideal *Husband* and a noble Roman of singular merit, is quite unacceptable as an English nobleman. If the part was short, the character and appearance of the Duke of Buckingham is of some importance. It would have been worth Mr. Waller's while to make a short pilgrimage to Hampton Court. There, on looking either at the group by Hendhurst, or the other portrait, he would have seen that the Duke wore a beard. He should have dressed very handsomely in the height of fashion, at the same time with simplicity becoming a nobleman, travelling incognito, who could not forget that he was one of the handsomest men of his time.

In this connexion I may observe that of late years there has been an ever-growing tendency on the part of our actors and actresses to subject themselves to æsthetic laws never intended for them. The delicacy of colour which goes to make the harmony of a picture renders the stage colourless. An intrinsically beautiful blue, chosen at Peter Robinson's by a lady of taste, will become a pale and insignificant piece of drapery when seen from the stalls. Had Mrs. Brown-Potter but looked at the exquisite portrait of Hélène Fourmont at Dulwich she would, with her quite exceptional taste, have had an admirable model for her *deshabille*. Vandyck would have stood her in good stead in correcting the designs for her full costume. The fact seems to be that, while our actors are content to dress with some degree of accuracy, our actresses are free to wander too far from the doors of Paquin or Worth. Better things might at least be expected from Mrs. Tree. At the period of the piece *Anne of Austria* was living in comparative retirement under a load of suspicion; except at the Ball she should have appeared in the handsome sombre garments of which Rubens and Vandyck's pictures afford so many examples. Such hats as Mrs. Tree wears on her first appearance would have been more suitable to the character of Madame de Chevreuse or Madame d'Aiguillon than the proud queen. Had she elected to model her appearance on one of the many of Henrietta Maria in our English galleries the effect would have been convincing as well as charming. In an historical play as plays are now put on the stage, attention to these matters seems to be a necessity, otherwise we get dangerously near the realm of pantomime. Half of the success which Mr. Pinero's "*Trelawny of the Wells*" met with was due to the hoops that were nightly bowled over the stage of the Court Theatre. R.

THE CHAOS OF OUR EDUCATION SYSTEM.

I.

THE insular pride and narrow-minded obstinacy of Englishmen have led to a state of national backwardness which does not find its parallel in any other civilised quarter of the globe. For generations the people of this country have been brought up in the absurd notion that an Englishman can beat half-a-dozen foreigners; and wilful blindness to the immense industrial strides which have been made by our competitors abroad, who are leaving us far behind, has brought us face to face with a state of such complete national chaos, as regards the instruction of our population, that our very existence as a great and prosperous community is threatened with extinction. The dense ignorance of the masses of our population destroys all chance of the pressure of an enlightened public opinion, without which little attempt is made on the part of governments to remedy abuses in this country. But the selfish, and by no means disinterested, indifference of the administrative classes must by some means be roused into energetic action; and those patriotic individuals who have some concern for the prestige of the English nation and the future welfare of posterity must lose no opportunity of forcing upon responsible ministers and the public mind the urgent necessity of immediate reform in our educational system. A huge waste of public money is involved by the absurdities of an organization which sets a variety of educational authorities in open conflict and competition throughout the country, and which does not even succeed, owing to inherent defects and the lax administration of the law, in providing the children of the

working-classes with a solid foundation of elementary knowledge. If large sums are annually contributed by the exchequer for the maintenance of efficient schools throughout the country, taxpayers ought to insist upon the establishment of such a system of distribution and control that the object of this vast expenditure is in some way realised. At present the greater part of our outlay is wasted.

A brief review of the legislation which has been passed for the furtherance of education will be useful in indicating exactly what has been accomplished in that direction, and how much has to be undone, and how much more remains to be done before any satisfactory results are even within measurable distance of attainment. By the Act of 1870, School Boards were created, to which were assigned specific spheres of influence. The necessity of prescribing school areas becomes apparent when it is remembered that county government was not then in existence; but the constitution of parishes as school districts was a fatal and idiotic blunder, which is exemplified in the fact that in many poor districts the election and administrative charges alone swallow up the greater part of the sum levied for education out of the rates. The Act made, moreover, no provision whatever for the supply of anything more than elementary education. For nineteen years this state of affairs remained unremedied; although in certain enlightened centres, such as Bradford and Birmingham, higher grade schools were supplied by the School Boards without legal authority, in response to the ratepayers' demands for superior education. At last, in 1889, an Act was passed, entitled the Technical Instruction Act, by which technical and scientific instruction could be provided by the County, and Urban District, Councils and by the Municipal Authorities of towns. Power was given them to levy a rate, not exceeding one penny in the pound, for this purpose. But, in most cases, the objection of the ratepayers to this additional rate has rendered the Act a dead letter. An important event happened in 1890, when a surplus sum of three-quarters of a million was handed over, by Act of Parliament, to the County Councils and the Councils of County Boroughs with power to spend it, if they wished, in technical instruction. Had there been anything like a reasonable system of distribution a great deal might have been accomplished in the interests of higher education. But all was chaos; and the gift of this munificent sum of money only created a state of confusion worse confounded. Since the passing of the Act, bitter and acrimonious quarrels between conflicting authorities have been continuous, to the detriment of educational progress. The Municipal Councils of towns which are not County Boroughs can only receive grants of this money from the County Councils, although they have power to levy rates for technical schools; and the disputes accruing from this anomalous state of affairs are of incessant occurrence. But the most violent opposition to this unlucky arrangement proceeds from the School Boards, who are jealous of the powers which have been conferred on rival bodies. They claim that the "Drink money," as it is termed, should have been given to them; and their attitude is so uncompromising on this vital matter, that they have absolutely refused to come to terms. A very simple scheme was suggested by the Vice-President last year, when he proposed that the Town Councils and School Boards should form joint-committees for the purpose of carrying out higher education in their districts, and that the Parliamentary grant for science and art instruction should be handed over to them for distribution. But the School Boards have opposed this suggestion with the utmost violence, declaring, most absurdly, the Vice-President's action to be illegal; as if any illegal use of money voted by Parliament would not be at once put a stop to by the Controller and Auditor General. One cannot help inferring that the School Boards wish to play in educational matters the same rôle played formerly by the Jesuits in public affairs, and that they do not mind damaging the cause of higher education, provided they can get all the power into their own hands.

It was not until 1891 that the blessings of free education were conferred upon the people of this country, the cost being borne by the Central Govern-

ment. But this measure was conceived with such blundering fatuity that its principal effect was to kill the Voluntary schools in the great manufacturing towns by practically preventing the charging of fees. Having, in their ignorance, commenced the ruin of the Voluntary schools in 1891, the Conservative Government gave them the *coup de grâce* in 1897. The only effect of the legislation intended for their deliverance has been that in towns the Voluntary schools are absolutely inefficient, and that in the country the grants in aid are simply taking the place of local subscriptions. That is all which the legislative efforts of more than a quarter of a century have been able to accomplish for elementary and secondary education. For the latter nothing has been attempted beyond the grant of the surplus sum out of the Exchequer, unless by any stretch of the imagination the Duke of Devonshire's Bill of 1898 could be construed into making a step in that direction. With this sham reform we have already dealt at length on a former occasion; suffice it, therefore, if we repeat that the Bill, far from promoting secondary or any other kind of education, will effect nothing beyond a change of names and the shifting of unimportant responsibilities from one set of officials to another.

An organized system of higher education does not exist at all in this country. There are an indefinite number of private schools; but no statistics are available, either as to the schools themselves or the number of scholars who attend them; while, as regards their efficiency, it can only be gathered from hearsay that some are good and others very bad. Of grammar schools and endowed schools there are between five and six hundred, educating about 70,000 scholars. These schools are overlapped by higher grade schools instituted by the School Board, Municipal, and other educational authorities to an extent that involves a shameful waste of money. These rival authorities compete with each other, cutting each other's throats, and damaging in every possible way the local development of higher education. In some laudable instances, City Councils and School Boards have arranged a joint scheme by which the subjects taught in rival institutions have been regulated so as to prevent clashing. But it is only in towns like Manchester or Sheffield that so much common-sense is to be found among the local authorities; and there are cities like Bristol and Brighton where the rival authorities are at open war. What is severely needed is a practical system of State organization. Without that, the selfish ambitions of individuals will lead to friction and rivalry either for the mere satisfaction of personal aggrandisement, or, as in the case of the School Boards, with the concerted policy of obtaining exclusive power.

This chaotic disorganization is not even the most pressing evil from which the cause of educational progress suffers. The case of the Evening Continuation Schools reveals the utter rottenness and futility of our entire national system. The whole scheme of these evening classes is destroyed by the state of ignorance in which children leave the elementary schools. The multifarious causes of this general inefficiency must be dealt with in another article; but its effect upon higher education is disastrous. These Continuation schools are in many cases nothing more than schools in which elementary subjects are properly taught. The statistics given in the report of Mr. Brewer, the inspector of the Blackburn District, furnish astonishing evidence of the fact just adduced. Out of 116 Continuation Schools visited by him in 1897, there were only four in which elementary subjects were not taught; in twenty-six, only one subject was taught in addition to the elementary instruction; and in thirteen schools elementary subjects alone were taught. "I doubt," he said, "whether more than one-fourth, or at the outside one-third, of these rightly deserve the title of 'Continuation' Schools."

It has been clearly demonstrated that the promoters of higher education in this country are absolutely at sixes and sevens, and that no such thing exists as any sort or kind of organization. The opposition of the ratepayers in some localities, the rivalries and quarrels of the educational authorities in others, are in them-

selves absolute bars to progress. Until some plan has been carried into effect by which powers are conferred upon authorities presiding over large areas to aid and co-ordinate the primary and secondary schools within their jurisdiction, no advance is likely to be made. But before any effectual help can be given to higher education, the whole scheme of elementary instruction, which is in a far more deplorable state of inefficiency, must be completely revolutionised.

GORDON IN CHINA.—I.

WITH SOME UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

WE are enabled to give below the text of some hitherto unpublished letters written by General Gordon during the time when, at the age of thirty, as simple Major of Engineers lent to the Chinese Government, he was engaged in crushing a rebellion that had for over a dozen years exhausted and defeated all the efforts of the Chinese Government and armies. The Taiping rebellion, after simmering for years among the Southern Chinese in the form of discontent with the Manchu dynasty, finally broke out in Kwang-si in 1850 and steadily spread, till the greater part of inland China south of the Yangtse was lost to the Peking Government. The fact that China was, during the later fifties, in almost constant conflict with England and France naturally did not mend matters, but after the peace of 1860 the Western Governments lent what assistance they could to Peking in its struggle with the South. Still matters underwent little improvement, Chinese incapacity and corruption following their usual course, till in 1863 the English representatives in Shanghai took steps to urge final measures. Major Gordon was induced to enter the China service and a specially organized army was placed under his control.

Gordon was, as is well known, horrified at the mingled ferocity and incapacity of the viceroys and generals with whom he had to work; indeed, the excesses committed by his Chinese coadjutors at one period very nearly ended in his final retirement. The conduct of the troops under their Chinese leaders was a source of daily irritation to Gordon, who, however, in the earlier stages of the operations was inclined to condone what he could not remedy, foreseeing that constant bickering with men to whom ordinary humanity in warfare was a contradiction in terms could end in no satisfactory result. He was, however, always calling the attention of the Chinese Generals, in forcible yet quiet language, to acts which seemed of more than usual ferocity. The operations around the Sungkiang district were in particular fruitful with atrocious barbarities. The Chinese were not only at two with him in the management of the campaign, but likewise in their provision for it. Supplies were daily needed, and daily were not forthcoming, money was wanted and the accounts at the Chinese headquarters were so abominably kept that it was never known what funds there were in hand.

Gordon was, of course, no Chinese scholar; didn't speak the language even; but had a keen comprehension of the Oriental character, and some singularly able Englishmen, conversant with both the language and the peculiarities of the Chinese, to assist him. In respect of the latter point, it is a fact often overlooked that Gordon, able as he was, could not have succeeded and earned his well-merited reputation in China without these capable advisers. One of those lieutenants who was more particularly of the greatest assistance was the late Sir Chaloner Alabaster, K.C.M.G., once Consul-General in China, and a personal friend of Gordon's, to whom these letters were addressed—the position being that Gordon was with his forces operating while Mr. Alabaster was with the Fuhai (or Governor) in the provincial capital keeping the civil officials in a good frame of mind and acting generally as a tonic.

LETTER I.

"28 March, 1863.

"MY DEAR A—, Will you inform the Fuhai that I am very sorry that the excesses, which I daresay he may have heard of, have been committed, but that this will not interfere with my relieving Changow. The men will embark on arrival of the steamers. The arms

will go up with the 'Zingari,' with directions to J— to hold on till I come up, and not to undertake anything till I come up, which will be on Wednesday, I hope.

"I wish you to tell Fuhtai I am horrified at the outrages, and I will put them down. I do not know the ins and outs of the case, but I think B—, my officer, and Li are somewhat to blame. The Fuhtai may rely on this (D.V.), that I will get the force under command, that it shall not be anti-Chinese, and that it shall be worth its money.

"I, however, would recommend the men going on this expedition and the others being paid before they leave; not that they deserve it, but because we want Changsu relieved. I am determined to make them smart for this, but now Changsu is threatened it is necessary to cajole them. The Fuhtai need not think I will look over this. If possible, get the pay sent up in steamer 'Kiangon' before end of the month, and thus I will be able to get the men paid before I leave; and I hope to be able to get the payment over before the steamer arrives from Fushan. The Fuhtai must not think that I will look over this.—Yours truly,

(Signed) "C. G. GORDON.

"P.S.—Send money for Fushan Expedition to Fushan with me. I will answer for the money. Remind the Fuhtai about the rations. I go up (when H— comes) with the troops to Fushan."

The force under Gordon's command was a mere rabble—undisciplined and explosive, and with this material he was expected in an instant, as by some miracle, to create a perfect fighting machine. Urgent requisitions for reliable trained men were repeatedly made to him, so that his work was practically endless. All this with resources slowly dragged from the Chinese treasuries.

LETTER II.

"29 March, 1863.

"MY DEAR A—, The Zingari left this last night: everything is quiet and likely to remain so. The steamers ought to be back on Wednesday, and if the men are paid before that they can start at once. Please tell the Fuhtai that it would be as well to tell the Mandarins here that it will be necessary for them to avoid (temporarily till I get the force into better order) taking out the men from the ranks. If they really want a man, or rather if the Fuhtai wants a man, I will be ready to give him every assistance, but I would rather he would defer this for the present. I am very anxious to get the force paid before I leave for Fushan, and want the money sent to the troops up there.

"You may repeat to Fuhtai that if I cannot give him a disciplined force, I will disband the present force so that it shall give no trouble.—Yours truly,

(Signed) "C. G. GORDON.

"P.S.—Will you send the enclosed requisition to W— when Fuhtai approves? Please send samples at same time.

"P.S.—Will you ask Fuhtai if he can give me a joss-house in Shanghai for stores?"

Requisitions for some of his trained men and a kind of semi-reliance on his measures were combined with frequent interference with the administration of the force, and an inner belief that the General acted from interested motives. Thus in a letter dated two days later than the foregoing:

LETTER III.

"MY DEAR A—, Kah has arrived with part of the coin.

"I would like to defer deciding on the purchase of Kinchow till I return from Fushan, as I think the Hyson would be rather a loss, and as yet I am not quite *au fait* about the force. Will you tell the Fuhtai that I will stop the practice at the Buttresses, and will get the force in good order (D.V.) very shortly. The Fuhtai may depend on my carrying out his orders, but he must remember that I am just at this moment very difficultly placed; my first endeavour must be to get the officers in order, and then will get the men. If I try both at once I shall fail, as they—officers and men—would combine against me; and though the complete dissolution of the force would not be difficult, yet it is just now re-

quired to relieve Hangshu. I must be allowed a little law, but if, at the end of, say, two months, I have not reduced the force to order, I will either recommend its dissolution or some very stringent measures being taken. Just now it would not do, as he wants their services for Hangshu. I will write to Wade to-night about the matter. I am perfectly willing to be *responsible* to Fuhtai for payment, but J— or D—, or some one known to the officials, must name the accountant to pay the men. If this is not practicable, he can do what he likes. I will write again to-night. I expect steamer to-morrow. A—, the bearer of this note, will take charge of rations if the Fuhtai has them ready. Before my return please see to the rations for 1200 men for 10 days being sent to this place for operations against rebels. S— has become commandant of Sungkiang during my absence; he will keep things quiet, but I hope he will not kick up a row. I have told S— to write to you; I do not yet see any necessity of your coming up. All I ask of Fuhtai is to believe me disinterested for a month or so, in spite of what he may hear.—Yours truly and obliged,

(Signed) "C. G. GORDON."

(To be continued.)

TWO TURNERIANS.

WHERE Turner ended was hardly the place for a school to begin. That extravagant holocaust into which mountains, forests, cities, navies, inflamed oceans, and painting itself were cast, that last despairing sacrifice of the sun-worshipper, was no model for the beginner's modest flame. And the meteoric close of his career eclipsed its quieter periods. The enormous scope of his production, its volume, its progression up to the last when all took fire, and the fascination of the blaze left a kind of exhaustion over all that he had undertaken. The field seemed to be reaped, the vein worked out, the inspiration spent. Nineteen thousand of the master's sketches and studies were piously laid up in the National Gallery, and seemed beyond seedbearing. Painters wandered off to cool their eyes with the grey and green of Constable, or seized on any kind of painting that pretended to do without composition, till artlessness culminated in the landscape of Millais and his followers. This kind of eclipse or fallow is inevitable whenever an art appears to have become fully ripe in the last man's hands. An artist must be able to persuade himself either that he is carrying to completion something begun by his forerunner, or that it is his to denounce the fraud of his predecessor and to discover afresh the secret of art. He may find it in another country, in a past century, or in his own head, but it must appear to him a new or neglected gospel. A generation will pass by masterpieces with blind eyes as if all the nerves that could respond to that stimulus were tired and asleep, and the day's work must be done by those left awake, and built of neglected sensations.

The literary appreciation of painting obscures this common occurrence, for the general admiration frequently reaches its climax at the time when the master is least of an active power for fresh production. His name becomes a household word and his doctrine established in the books, while his school is deserted and the impressionable pupils have slipped away to attempt anything but what is expected of them. So it has been with Turner. Everybody has been admiring him, studying him, worshipping him, except the painter; this vast magazine of the landscape art has been as if it were not.

I speak of painters who go with the tide, who take the middle of the swim; there are always a few haunters of backwaters. Doubtless Turner has never been without witnesses. When we find a young man, a man born late enough to pick up with spirit and zest the dropped thread of the English drawings, we must not forget one artist who was before him—Sir Seymour Haden. It may be partly due to him that the man of whom I speak, Mr. Oliver Hall, has returned to the old field. However that may be, he finds it fruitful.

Mr. Oliver Hall's work has been familiar to visitors the Painter-Etchers' exhibitions at for some years. His studies of trees have been among the best things there, but it is difficult to guess how far this may have made:

his name generally known. A collection of his recent lithographs and paintings is now on view at Messrs. Dowdeswells in Bond Street, and I hope everybody will go to see them. The paintings, it should be said, are not so good as the lithographs. When they are analysed into form and colour, the charm of drawing and arrangement is there, but the colour has been applied in rather a tentative way, in rubbings over monochrome preparations, so that it is either too thin and brown or else too transparently strong. Something, too, of the habit of left-out spaces persists from the black and white work. But there are passages of great tenderness in some of the skies, and Mr. Hall may yet master the oil medium as he already has mastered the needle and the chalk.

When I call Mr. Oliver Hall a Turnerian I mean that he has reduced trees, clouds, the course of rivers and roads, the undulations of foreground, the ridges of hills and the towns perched upon them or nestled between them to Turner-like terms; preserving their natural accidental life, he yet discovers in them a suave or clear-out pattern. The parts of his design fit easily and gracefully together like the organs of a body within its skin, not like stones chopped into shape and fitted in a wall. His forms are not bald decorative symbols any more than they are clumsy copyings of bits. In designing a clump of trees he does not take over Turner's final mannerism instead of using his eyes; he keeps the sharp note of nature in a branch that tumbles unexpectedly, or a trunk that crosses with stiff tonic effect the pliant lines of the others, but, sudden in its place, such a line will be found to have its responses in other parts of the composition. Throughout his tree-drawing there is that wary combination of rigid and flowing that is found in the tree draughtsmen, Titian and Turner. That is an example of what holds throughout; there is always the real stuff for each feature, but so studied and commanded that they become the freely handled pieces in the whole graceful fabric; the forms of clouds and uplands are such as no one could invent in their intricate life, but the uninventable has fallen under the eyes of an inventor, a maker's mind follows along the natural lines on the pounce for a pattern. With all this that reminds us of Turner, of the deep cunning with which he hid his patterns in the forms of natural things, and wreathed them together with the emphasis he willed, Mr. Hall has worked on the same or like material, on Yorkshire moors and dales and picturesque riverside towns, and the result is that some of the pupil's designs might hold their place in the *Liber Studiorum*, or, since they are lithographs, with the work of that other more abstract master of the school, Cotman. Take for examples a view of Ludlow, where a bridge, seen from above, crosses into the picture with a lovely inflection of old lines, a view of Eggleston Abbey, with the ruined walls shining out of rich foliage, or the tree compositions where a sensitive decision of the masses and employment of tone keeps the anatomy of the intricate forms lucid, and a rich counterpoint to the foliage is played in mounds and sprays of cloud. There is none of these fifty or sixty lithographs that is not worth looking at and possessing.

A very different pupil of Turner is that veteran sketcher Mr. Brabazon, who fills the Goupil Gallery once more from his portfolios. He is the enthusiast who does dare to live in Turner's last light, who keeps a traveller's journal of colour all but disembodied. Here we have not the draughtsman who found master lines to express the swelling of a hillside, or the spring and droop of branches; we have structure suggested by splotches of light and shadow, by its colour-ghost. For once in a way appears an amateur with a gift, one who takes his pleasure unconstrained in a corner of the art, and who, among a host of notes and souvenirs almost too slight for any but the man who made them, catches every now and then, and conveys to us with the desperate technique of the moment the thing lasts, an Italian town transfigured by the evening flush and its strange attendant greys. While another would be marking out his ground plan, he tumbles up enough of a town and bay to note the rare essential fact upon, and often by his feverish snatch at the place traps its image more convincingly than the man whose method of work is to draw all that he would not other-

wise notice. The present collection contains a number of pastels, the best of which are almost as good as the water colours.

It is ill passing from the intensity of this art to the trade pictures of the Institute or British Artists. In the first section of wall at the former is some of the most tolerable work, including a dark, abstracted Peppercorn and pictures by Mr. J. S. Hill and Miss Fanner. In other galleries will be found some work by Fantin-Latour, and a piece by Mr. Watts, the exhibiting of which is a rather Ham-like proceeding. At the British Artists', one is struck at the entrance by the collection of pen-and-ink drawings in Spain by Mr. Hamilton Jackson. Mr. Jackson usually appears as a claimant for the honours of "imaginative" painting. Here we catch him with buildings put before him to make an image from, and he reveals himself as a careful, conscientious workman, with no spark of the designing impulse. Odd that a change of material can hide the truth about themselves from him and a hundred other painters! Mr. Holman Hunt is the eminent guest here, with a study for the Magdalen Tower picture. Between him and the young men of "Pick-me-up," so curiously associated here, may be found examples of every conceivable manner of painting; never in the history of the world was an exhibition so various: yet if they were set down with a pen-and-ink to show a castle in Spain on the spot, these gentlemen would all perhaps turn out to be Hamilton Jacksons. Even Sir Wyke Bayliss might change his spots.

D. S. M.

A PROFESSOR ON THE ART OF WRITING FOR THE ORCHESTRA.

ORCHESTRATION is a fascinating hobby. A passion for it nearly—nearly, but not quite—turned Berlioz into a composer; a liking for it as a pleasant winter evening pastime has led many harmless young men to imagine themselves original composers. Just as a child stands before a new box of water-colours, open-mouthed, enraptured, entranced, and then gets a bit of paper and doubles its joy at the sight of the gorgeous hues it can splash about, so the harmless young men, on learning something about the constituent instruments of the orchestra, also stand enraptured as they think of the possible colour combinations, and they get score paper, and they score away, and they are perfectly contented. Or perhaps they are not fully content—they want their childlike blotches of orchestral colour performed, and they are surprised, dismayed, hurt, to find the title of great composers refused them. They have forgotten that playing with the hobby of orchestration is not precisely practising an art; it has never occurred to them that combinations of colour—more or less accidental combinations—do not make a picture, that before a picture can be made a certain mastery of the pencil is, to say the least, advisable, not to mention the advantage of having something to express, and an instinct for the best mode of expressing it. I am thinking more particularly of certain young British composers who gave an orchestral concert or two a few years since and showed conclusively that it was the sight of the colour-box which tempted them to paint; but I might ask, Was Berlioz so very unlike them? It is true, Instrumentation was to him half a hobby and half an art, and he therefore achieved artistic results such as will never be achieved by our young Britishers; but take his marvellous Treatise, read any part you please, and you see the child and his colour-box. He thought so much about colour that it never occurred to him how little he had to express by means of colour; and now his music is looked at, not as one looks at a book, but as one looks at a kind of very superior set of draper's patterns—the design and the meaning interest one infinitely less than the endless variety of colour-combinations and contrasts, often really beautiful combinations or contrasts. Save for these his music is mostly dull, arid, bald. He ended his life an artistic failure, and this chiefly because music, or rather a certain side of music, was to him as much a hobby as an art. As for our young Britishers, I expect they will end their lives as Cathedral organists—perhaps even as College professors or principals.

Apart from orchestration as a hobby, there is to

be considered the art of orchestration, a great art, part of the greater art of writing for the noblest instrument yet invented, the orchestra. It is an art which is growing more complex and difficult day by day, as our orchestras increase in size and our music changes its character to express complex modern feeling. New instruments are being added, and the wood-wind is slowly disappearing behind great masses of strings and huge batteries of trumpets, horns, trombones and tubas. The only masters one may safely copy are Berlioz and Wagner, for their music is the only music which is played under something approaching the conditions that were in the composer's mind when he wrote. The text-books quote instances of the proper use of the flute from Mozart, and when we go to hear Mozart played we find that the instances do not make the effect mentioned by the text-books. The reason is simple enough. Mozart intended two flutes to play against, say, ten or a dozen violins; nowadays Mozart is played with two flutes against from thirty to sixty violins. The same is true of Haydn, Beethoven, Weber and Schubert. Of course, even when their music is played on the modern orchestra one may learn much from all of them. From Mozart, for example, one may learn a thousand uses of the wood-wind—the flutes, oboes, clarinets, bassoons—or of the strings alone. But these are not the things most difficult to learn. The inexperienced composer generally comes to utter grief—as we have all noted at the Crystal Palace again and again—when he tries to get a broad, rich mass of tone by means of strings combined with wood-wind. The scores of Wagner, Berlioz, Brahms and Tchaikowsky are far too complex for the beginner to tackle. To commence with a study of them is as foolish as to try working a quadratic equation before one has mastered simple division. Any one who hopes ever to score well must know thoroughly the possibilities and the limitations of the Mozart orchestra; and it is only from Mozart that one can learn them, Mozart, the most perfectly artistic master of the orchestra who has lived. Unfortunately, there are still other difficulties in the students' way. Save in London little orchestral music can be heard. How to write for the chorus is a study that can be carried on all over England; our Choral Societies do enough of Handel and Mendelssohn—and even from Mendelssohn much can be learnt—to make that an easy matter. But, except in one or two of the larger cities, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Wagner and Tchaikowsky are never heard. And only a college professor believes that orchestration can be mastered by those who have never heard the orchestra.

I seem to have proved almost more than I wanted to prove. I did not want to prove the impossibility of learning to write for the orchestra in England, only the immense difficulty of it. How, then, can that difficulty be overcome?

In the first place it is absolutely necessary to have a knowledge of every instrument, to know what can and what cannot be played on it, to know the peculiarities of its high notes, its low notes and its middle notes, and so on and so on. Now people who know few bandmen or none find this knowledge much harder to win than might be imagined. Of course there are the text-books, but the text-books have a lamentable way of being wrong in matters of fact, and of giving along with their facts a great many erroneous and absurd opinions. The only one to be depended on until lately was Mr. Prout's little handbook, published by Novello, and this has now been superseded by the same author's "The Orchestra" (published a few months ago by Messrs. Augener), which serves as the provocation of this article. Mr. Prout's latest book is not a more advanced book than the old one: it includes nearly all the information given in the old one, and it gives more on certain points. The first volume does not deal fully, however, with orchestral combinations, these being left for the second volume. To the first volume nothing but praise can be given. It tells the student precisely what a student wants to know about every instrument, and it gives endless well-chosen examples of the ways in which each instrument has been treated by the masters. I do not propose to analyse the book in detail; for it deals only with the elements of orchestra, and an analysis of long division and the rule of three

would amuse neither myself nor my readers. I simply recommend every one to buy it. But there are one or two points in it which make me chortle congratulations to myself. For instance, Mr. Prout insists that, no matter what instrument you are writing for—though he applies his remarks specially to the horn—you must, above all, write vocally—"If . . . a horn passage be difficult to sing, it will certainly be difficult to play, and, most probably, ineffective as well." As every reader of the "Saturday Review" knows, it is on the ground of ineffectiveness, or more accurately, inexpressiveness, that I always object to unvoccal writing; but, of course, the false intonation that results is to me also an objection. Mr. Prout also will have nothing to do with that vile noise-generator, the cornet, beloved of Mr. Corder and other Academicians.

When the student has mastered this book, his real difficulties begin. What he has to learn is the tone of every instrument; he must hear them all and test for himself all Mr. Prout's dicta. In London that can be done at the Queen's Hall, Richter and other orchestral concerts; out of London it can scarcely be done at all; even in London it can only be done in intervals which an impatient man may find somewhat lengthy. But, at the beginning at least, a better plan even than attending concerts is to learn an instrument—the flute, viola, the big drum—and join an amateur orchestral society, if the conductor will take you in. You will make yourself a terror to your neighbours; but then your neighbours are generally a terror to you, so it matters little. There you hear the separate instruments which produce the large mass of tone, you learn why a bassoon note is placed here, why the horns sustain a chord there—in fact you learn more in five hours than you would in five weeks spent in concert-going the essential, bottom principles of writing for a band. If an orchestral society is not available, and concerts are too sparse, I strongly recommend the music-hall and theatre. There are often excellent players in their bands, and one can get close beside them and hear what they do. But however much is learnt that way, it cannot be denied that the greatest difficulty of all is hearing your own masterpieces played. A teacher may take your achievement and tell you how well this will sound, and how badly that will sound; but one performance of it would reveal more than a lifetime of teaching. The best plan is, without doubt, to persuade Mr. Manns to play it; but then Mr. Manns cannot play everybody's music. I don't think a society of say thirty members pledged to assist in playing one another's works would be a success. Each member would probably think every other member a conceited ass to want his music produced at all; and possibly each member would be right. So I retire gracefully without attempting to solve the conundrum. It is undoubtedly difficult to get one's things tried; it is for a hundred reasons difficult to master the art of orchestration; but in spite of all, people *do* learn both how and how not to do it. And any composer who has confidence enough in his own genius to go straight ahead will learn too.

J. F. R.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE Stock Exchange had quite made up its mind not to be happy until it got Lord Salisbury's Mansion House speech. Yet on Thursday, after the Premier had spoken, it was just as far from being able to make up its mind whether to be happy or not. For Lord Salisbury, with a whole world listening anxiously to the words that fell from his lips, was in one of his most enigmatic moods, and City men, after pondering duly over his speech, could only come to the conclusion that although the crisis is for the moment past, another and still more violent crisis may be sprung upon us at any moment. Markets, therefore, opened dull on Thursday morning, but country operators were evidently more favourably impressed by the Premier's speech than were Londoners, for country orders coming in through the day imparted a more cheerful tone to the markets, and the close showed in most departments a substantial improvement in prices. For the rest, the Settlement has occupied most of the attention of the Stock Exchange during the week. It has been completed

without difficulty, a great many improvements having been marked since the end of October carry-over, and in spite of the dearness of money, continuation rates have been moderate. The new account is of the dreaded nineteen-day order, and consequently no great activity is to be looked for during its course, unless there should be a decided easing off in the tension of the political situation.

The monetary position will undoubtedly act as a check to all speculative activity during the nineteen-day account. Although the position in London is easier and the rate for short loans shows a tendency to drop, anxious eyes are cast towards Berlin, where no amelioration is yet visible. The Berlin Bank rate has been raised to $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and since even this has not had the desired effect on the rate of exchange it is not improbable that next week it will have to be put up to 6 per cent. Consequently whilst outside rates for day-to-day loans have fallen to $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 per cent., three months' paper can only be negotiated at from $3\frac{1}{2}$ to $3\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. No change was made on Thursday in the Bank Rate, which therefore remains at 4 per cent. The steps taken by the Bank of England to control the market have been completely effective, and it seems clear that so far as the Bank is concerned we are well prepared for any emergency. The usual weekly return showed a notable improvement in the position of the Bank of England. Gold has come in from abroad to the amount of £536,000, and the reserve has increased by £417,000, whilst the proportion of reserve to liabilities has improved from $49\frac{1}{2}$ to 53 per cent. The Bank has again been borrowing largely from the market, Government securities having fallen £355,000. Monetary and political reasons will probably check all speculative activity for some time to come. At present the speculative position open is of very small extent, and it is well that this should be the case. If any serious trouble should arise either in the Far East or in Africa, the effect on the different markets will therefore be moderate, and it is comforting to know that just as the nation is well prepared to face the future, so also the Stock Markets can afford to await developments with equanimity.

NET YIELD OF HOME RAILWAY STOCKS. ENGLISH RAILWAYS.

Company.	Dividends, 1897-8.	Price 9 Nov.	Yield p.c.
Great Northern "A"	$2\frac{1}{2}$	52	4 1 8
Brighton Deferred	7	178	3 18 7
Midland Deferred	$3\frac{1}{2}$	87	3 16 11
Great Northern Deferred ...	$2\frac{1}{2}$	55	3 16 2
South Eastern Deferred ...	$3\frac{1}{2}$	105	3 13 8
North Eastern	6	176	3 12 4
North Western	7	198	3 10 5
Lancashire and Yorkshire ..	$5\frac{1}{2}$	147	3 9 8
Brighton Ordinary	$6\frac{1}{2}$	186	3 8 6
South Western Deferred ...	3	90	3 6 8
Great Northern Preferred ...	4	120	3 6 4
South Eastern Ordinary ...	$4\frac{1}{2}$	148	3 1 7
South Western Ordinary ...	6	219	3 0 4
Metropolitan	3	125	3 0 0
Midland Preferred	2	84	2 19 2
Great Eastern	3	118	2 18 11
Great Western	4	164	2 17 7
Great Central Preferred ...	$1\frac{1}{2}$	60	2 1 8

SCOTCH RAILWAYS.

Company.	Dividends, 1897-8.	Price 9 Nov.	Yield p.c.
Glasgow & S. West. Def... ..	$2\frac{1}{2}$	63	4 3 4
Great Northern	$3\frac{1}{2}$	86	3 15 7
North British Preference ...	3	88	3 7 7
Caledonian	5	149	3 7 7
Glasgow & S. West. Pref.. ..	$2\frac{1}{2}$	82	3 0 11
North British Ordinary	1	40	2 9 0
Highland	$1\frac{1}{4}$	66	1 17 7

IRISH RAILWAYS.

Company.	Dividends, 1897-8.	Price 9 Nov.	Yield p.c.
Great South. and West. ...	$5\frac{1}{2}$	141	3 16 2
Great Northern	$6\frac{1}{4}$	178	3 12 9

The settlement in Home Rails showed in many cases substantial improvements in prices. The preceding carry-over had borne the full brunt of the Fashoda crisis, and making-up prices were about the worst of the account. On Wednesday, however, the decision of the French Government to evacuate Fashoda had had its effect. The biggest improvements were in Great Eastern, Midland Deferred, and Caledonian Ordinary, all of which rose 4 points. Chatham and Dover Second Preference and South Eastern Deferred rose 3, Great Northern Deferred and London and North Western $2\frac{1}{2}$, and most of the rest from $1\frac{1}{2}$ to $2\frac{1}{2}$. No falls of any importance were marked. The improvements emphasise sufficiently the wisdom of the advice we gave to investors a short time ago to buy home railway stocks at the depressed quotations then prevailing. With the exception of certain excellent traffic returns for the week, there are no matters of importance to chronicle with regard to Home Railway affairs. The London and North Western is this week at the top of the list with an increase in traffic receipts of £11,206, and the North Eastern follows with an increase of £9227. The rest of the Companies all seem to have done well, and the Great Western, with an increase of £5870, as against an increase for the corresponding week of last year of £2540, shows that it is beginning to recover some of the ground lost during the coal strike in South Wales.

The American Elections have, no doubt, prevented many American Rails from recovering the whole of the losses marked at the end-October Settlement, but the making-up prices on Wednesday discovered numerous significant improvements. Louisvilles, for instance, to which we called attention some weeks ago, have suddenly come into favour, and have risen 6 points. Milwaukee are up $4\frac{1}{2}$, and Denver Preferred $4\frac{1}{2}$. Not a single fall is marked in the whole list, and on Thursday, owing to the Republican successes in the elections, the improvements were not only well maintained, but advanced still further. It would seem as if American securities were about to experience another spell of activity. The improved prospects of trade in the United States have given rise to the belief that many of the lines which have paid no dividends for years will soon be again upon a paying basis. They would have reached this happy stage long ago, no doubt, had they been managed in the interests of the shareholders instead of in those of the "bosses."

Atchison Preferred rose $3\frac{1}{2}$ points during the past account, and on Thursday improved again $1\frac{1}{2}$ to $39\frac{1}{2}$. The highest point previously reached by this stock during the present year was $33\frac{1}{2}$, and the movement indicates an important advance in the position of the Company. We have reason to believe that the full dividend of 5 per cent. on the Preferred stock will be paid at the end of the present financial year, and, if this is the case, it provides an explanation of the recent persistent buying of the stock, and will, moreover, justify a much greater increase in the price than has hitherto taken place. The Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé railway is the most important of the lines in the Western States of America, and will henceforward be still more important, since it has recently, by the purchase of the San Francisco and Joaquin Valley railway, obtained an independent entrance into San Francisco. The advance of the Atchison system is, in fact, a stage in the struggle against the supreme control over the Southern and Western lines hitherto exercised by the great American railway "boss," Mr. Huntington—a struggle in which the next victory for the shareholders should be the liberation of the Central Pacific from his fatal control. The Atchison system consists, in all, of some 7000 miles of railroad, and has a total nominal capital of £82,000,000. With Chicago as its metropolis, it has an enormous carrying trade in wheat and corn, cattle, fruit and cotton; and the excellent results achieved last year, together with the brilliant trade prospects of the States at the present time, are in themselves a sufficient reason for the recent improvement in the value of the Company's shares.

But since the reorganization of the Company in 1895,

carried out by Messrs. Baring Brothers, its position has been enormously improved. In 1896-7 alone, more than half a million sterling was expended out of revenue on the improvement of the system, a step which was made possible by the very large increase in the gross receipts of the Company during that year. Further sums have been expended during the present year, but the extraordinary betterment expenditure is, we believe, now practically at an end, and the benefit will be reaped in an important diminution in the working costs of the system. During the year ending 31 August, 1898, working costs on the Atchison system averaged 76 per cent. of the gross receipts; whereas the Union Pacific and the Northern Pacific lines are able to work at about 59 and 53 per cent. respectively. There is no doubt that after its large outlay on improvements, the Atchison Company will be able, if not to reduce its costs to the figures of the other two Companies, at least to reduce very considerably its expenditure. In the year ending 30 June last, the net profit earned by the system amounted to \$10,890,000. After paying all charges, there remained \$3,890,000, of which \$2,053,000 were absorbed by the dividend on the Adjustment Bonds, leaving a surplus of \$1,847,000. This is already equivalent to 1 per cent. on the Preferred Stock, and with a reduction in working expenditure and the improved traffic receipts which will result when the wheat which is now being held back by the farmers is sent East, it seems certain that the full dividend upon the Preferred stock will be earned, and there is every probability that when once it has been paid it will be steadily maintained. In this case, of course, the stock at 39½ is still remarkably cheap, and offers an opportunity of making a large profit.

It is worth while at this early date to call attention to the recent registration of the New St. Helens and District Tramways Company, Limited, a company which will go quite beyond the limitations of mere street tram-car traffic. The line is to be a connecting link placing Liverpool in direct tramway communication with two large and populous towns hitherto approachable only by rail. St. Helens is well known as an industrial centre, and Prescott was once a busy place famous for its manufacture of the best English watch movements in the days when Waterburys were unknown. These two places have for some years been connected by a steam tramway, which the new Company will acquire and connect with the Liverpool Corporation tramways system by laying about three miles of new line along the broad country road which forms one end of the great coach route of the past between Manchester and Liverpool. If it is proposed to utilise the new line not merely for passenger traffic, but also as a light railway for the carriage of agricultural produce during certain hours, its possibilities as an investment will be vastly improved. There seems, indeed, no reason why, if this line proves successful as a commercial undertaking, it should not be ultimately carried right through to Manchester with satisfactory results. The significance of the undertaking is, in fact, that it marks the practical beginning of an attempt to knit together the extensive tramway systems of the large and contiguous towns of Lancashire into one system. The prospectus of the Company will, doubtless, be before the public shortly, and the prospects of financial success can then be better estimated. The undertaking is, we believe, in very capable hands.

Industrial securities have assumed a more cheerful aspect, this market having apparently taken a more hopeful view of the political situation. With the exception of the meeting of the Pekin Syndicate, little of interest has happened. But the letter from Li Hung Chang to the Syndicate is decidedly interesting. It is clearly quite an error to suppose that the former Viceroy is anti-English. He assures Lord Rothschild that if there is one thing more than another that he holds next his heart, it is the interest of the Pekin Syndicate. This is good news for the Syndicate, but we suspect that what Li Hung really holds next his heart is not so much the interest of, as his interest in, the undertaking. We wonder how much it is. Anyhow, the concessions the Syndicate has obtained are now all the more valu-

able, and the result of the meeting, with the favourable statements made to the shareholders, should send the shares higher. They have fallen away a good deal since the little boom in them a short time ago.

NET YIELD OF INDUSTRIAL COMPANIES.

Company.	Dividend		Price 9 Nov.	Yield	
	1897.	Per cent.		£	s. d.
Bovril Ordinary	7	...	7½	8	0 0
Do. Deferred.....	5	...	8½	8	0 0
Linotype Deferred (£5)	9	...	7	6	8 7
Mazawattee Tea	8	...	1½	5	16 4
D. H. Evans & Co.	12	...	2½	5	12 11
National Telephone (£5)	6	...	5½	5	11 3
Linotype Ordinary (£5)	6	...	5½	5	9 1
Holborn & Frascati.....	10 ⁽¹⁾	...	1½	5	6 8
Spiers & Pond (£10)	10	...	19½	5	2 7
Harrod's Stores	20	...	4	5	0 0
Jay's	7½	...	1½	5	0 0
Bryant & May (£5)	17½	...	18½	4	15 10
Eley Brothers (£10)	17½	...	37	4	14 7
Salmon & Gluckstein ...	8	...	34½	4	14 1
Jones & Higgins	9½	...	2½	4	9 4
Swan & Edgar	5	...	1½	4	8 10
Savoy Hotel (£10)	7½	...	17	4	8 2
J. & P. Coats (£10)	30	...	68	4	8 2

(¹) Including bonus of 2 per cent.

The Report of the Beeston Brewery Company, to be submitted to the third ordinary meeting of shareholders on Monday next, shows a very satisfactory result of the past year's working. The sales have again increased during the twelve months, and a net profit has been earned of £32,196. Out of this, after paying all charges and the interest on the 5½ per cent. Preference stock, a dividend of 6 per cent. is paid on the Ordinary shares, leaving a balance forward of £1286. The Ordinary shares of the Company, of the nominal value of £5, are quoted at only £4, and in view of the excellent results achieved, if any of them can be picked up at that price they are worth buying as an investment.

Many attempts have been made to establish a satisfactory process for the manufacture of white lead which shall not be so deadly to the workers who produce it as is the present usual process, but none of them have so far been wholly successful. We hear, however, that a new precipitation process, invented by Mr. J. S. MacArthur, well known in connexion with the cyanide process of gold-extraction, is about to be put into commercial operation on a large scale. Mr. MacArthur's invention has already been fully tested, and the basic carbonate of lead produced by the process is said to be not only equal but superior to that produced by the old process of corrosion. It is well known that the employment of women in connexion with the production of white lead by the corrosion method has been prohibited. Mr. MacArthur's process is, however, said to be absolutely harmless, inasmuch as the materials require no handling, the process being automatic and simple. Moreover, the new process is a continuous operation occupying only three or four hours instead of the many days required by the corrosion process. The cost of production will therefore be materially lowered. For both painting and pottery purposes, the white lead produced is claimed to be equal to the best in the market. A syndicate, under the title of the British White Lead Company, has been privately formed to exploit the invention commercially, and when it has been at work some time it will be interesting to learn the result of its operations.

South African mines show an almost unbroken list of improvements since last week, although making-up prices on Tuesday revealed a good many falls during the past account. The recovery seems now, however, to be fairly permanent and on Thursday the market was almost buoyant. This was due in part, no doubt, to a belief that the political situation had improved, but also to the amazing increase in the gold production of the Transvaal. Every month is now a record, the output for October being 423,217 ozs., an increase of

14,715 ozs. on the figures for September. The Jumpers Deep makes the biggest jump, producing 8741 ozs. as against 7509 ozs. in September. In view of this continually increasing production it is not wonderful that the South African market as a whole remains remarkably firm.

ESTIMATED NET YIELD OF TRANSVAAL MINES. OUTCROPS.

Company.	Estimated Dividends.	Price 9 Nov.	Life of Mine.	Probable Net Yield.
	Per Cent.		Years.	Per Cent.
Pioneer (1)	75	11½	1	75
Rietfontein A.	35	2	30	15½
Henry Nourse (2)	150	9½	12	13
Van Ryn	40	2½	12	12
Glencairn	35	1½	11	11½
Comet	50	3½	18	11
Ferreira	350	24	17	10
Jumpers (3)	80	5½	8	8
Rooodepoort United ...	50	4½	15	7
Heriot	100	7½	12	6½
Robinson (4)	20	8½	16	6
Meyer and Charlton ...	70	4½	10	6
City and Suburban (5) ..	15	5½	17	6
Treasury (5)	12½	4	13	6
Princess	15	1½	20(?)	6
Primrose	60	4½	10	5½
Crown Reef (6)	200	15	8	5
Ginsberg	50	3½	8	5
Langlaagte Estate ...	30	3	15	5
Wemmer	150	11½	10	4
Durban Rooodepoort ...	80	5½	9	4
Geldenhuis Main Reef ..	10	1½	6	2
Wolhuter (3)	10	5½	40	1
Angelo	75	6½	8(?)	1
May Consolidated	35	3½	9	½
Geldenhuis Estate	100	7	7	0
Jubilee (8)	75	10½	8	0
Worcester	60	2½	4	0

(1) Owns 37 D.L. claims, estimated value equivalent to £11 10s. per share. (2) 42 deep-level claims, estimated value equivalent to £2 per share. (3) 52 D.L. claims, estimated value equivalent to £1 per share. (4) £5 shares. (5) £4 shares. (6) 51½ deep-level claims, estimated value equivalent to £2 10s. per share, and 47 water-right claims. (7) Poorer North Reef Ore not taken into account. (8) 18 D.L. claims, estimated value equivalent to £4 per share.

DEEP LEVELS.

Company.	Estimated Dividends.	Price 9 Nov.	Life of Mine.	Probable Net Yield.
	Per Cent.		Years.	Per Cent.
*Robinson Deep	200	9½	20	18
*Durban Deep (1)	50	3½	15	14
*Nourse Deep	60	5½	43	10
*Crown Deep	200	14½	16	8½
*Rose Deep	105	8½	15	7½
*Jumpers Deep	40	5	36	7
*Village Main Reef (2) ...	75	7½	13	6
*Geldenhuis Deep	70(3)	9½	23	4
*Bonanza	108(3)	4½	5	4
*Simmer and Jack	4½(3)	4½	30	4
*Glen Deep	18	3½	25	3
Langlaagte Deep	21	2½	15	2

The mines marked thus * are already at work. (1) Owns 24,000 Rooodepoort Central Deep shares, value £36,000, and will probably sell sixty or seventy claims at a price equivalent to £1 per share. (2) Owns 25,000 Wemmer shares, value equivalent to £1 per share. (3) Calculated on actual profits of working. (4) £5 shares.

We repeat below our tables of the profits earned by the subsidiaries of the Rand Mines group in October, of the proportion of the profits which goes to the parent company, and of the monthly profits which will be earned by the subsidiaries and the parent company when the full milling power of each company is at

work. In the similar tables we published a month ago, by an unfortunate printer's error the figures in the first table were confused and the result obtained appeared nonsensical. The totals, however, were approximately accurate, so that the argument based upon the figures was unaffected. Last month, as will be gathered from an inspection of the tables, the deep-level subsidiaries now at work earned for the Rand Mines Company about £53,000, or at the rate of £636,000 per annum. This is equivalent, after allowing for the vendor's lien of 25 per cent., to a dividend of nearly 150 per cent. per annum. Calculated on the basis of last month's earnings the total annual profit accruing to Rand Mines, Limited, when all its subsidiaries are at work, will amount to £1,269,000, sufficient, after allowing for the vendor's lien, to pay dividends of 286 per cent. When, however, the subsidiary mines are working with their full complements of stamps, working expenses will be further considerably reduced and the profits will be correspondingly greater. The 300 per cent. dividends which have been prophesied on Rand Mines are therefore coming within measurable distance of realisation. In the tables the September profit of the Nourse Deep has been taken, as in October, owing to the temporary interruption of the hoisting arrangements, the mill was for some time kept running with low-grade ore from the dumps.

TABLE A.

Mine.	October profit.	Rand Mines proportion per cent.	Rand Mines proportion.
Rose Deep	£31,100	36	£11,196
Geldenhuis Deep ...	26,550	40.8	10,832
Jumpers Deep	10,400	66.5	6,916
Nourse Deep	5,200 (Sept.)	71.5	3,700
Crown Deep	18,250	77.6	14,162
Glen Deep ..	6,900	45.8	3,160
Durban Deep	4,438	20.3	900
Wolhuter	6,672 (Sept.)	18.7	1,247
			£53,713

TABLE B.

Mine.	Stamps at work.	Stamps in full mill.	Monthly profit with full mill.	Rand Mines proportion.
Rose Deep	200	200	£31,100	£11,196
Geldenhuis Deep	200	200	26,500	10,832
Jumpers Deep ...	100	200	20,800	13,832
Nourse Deep	74	100	7,400	5,300
Crown Deep	180	200	20,000	15,520
Glen Deep	60	100	11,500	5,267
Durban Deep ...	60	100	7,395	1,500
Wolhuter	100	200	13,344	2,495
				£65,942

Add the estimated monthly profits of

Langlaagte Deep — ...	100	£6,000 (97%)	£5,800
Ferreira Deep ... — ...	150	58,000 (58.3%)	34,000

£105,742

Profit per annum accruing to Rand Mines,

Limited	£1,269,000
Deduct 25 per cent for vendors' lien ...	317,000

Total profit available for dividends £952,000
= 286 per cent. on £332,700, the issued capital of Rand Mines.

The Geelong return for October is very disappointing, and will not enhance the reputation of the newly arisen gold-mining industry in Rhodesia. The amount of ore crushed was 2290 tons, from which 1010 ozs. of gold were obtained, the tailings assaying 6 dwts. per ton. This indicates a total yield of only 14.8 dwts. per ton, whereas the first month's crushing showed a yield of 19½ dwts. per ton. An explanation is appended to the return, according to which the low yield is due to the fact that ore broken down during development has been cleaned up and put through the mill. It is stated that for two months the yield will be low, after which, with 40 stamps running, the results are expected to average those of September, during which month ore was crushed from all parts of the mine to secure an average of actual value. No

doubt the explanation explains something, but what it does not explain is the bad management which permitted such a course to be pursued. It would have been far better if the broken ore had been put through during the first month of operations. To start with a high yield of gold and then in the second month of working to show a falling off amounting to nearly 5 dwts. per ton is not the way to inspire confidence in either the investor or the market. The one satisfactory feature of the return is the extraordinarily low working expenditure. This is only 24s. per ton, including 3s. for development redemption. Evidently if, in the second month of working, such economy as this can be attained, mining conditions in Rhodesia must be much better than those of the Transvaal.

The meeting of the shareholders in the Mozambique Company at Lisbon on Thursday has apparently ended in a compromise. The issue of 100,000 shares by the Paris Committee at £2 has been agreed to on condition that the London Committee is allowed to issue 100,000 to the shareholders *pro rata* at the same price in the proportion of one share for each ten held. The present price of the shares is about £2 4s., so that the issue under these conditions offers a small profit to the shareholders. The issued capital of the Mozambique Company will now be close upon £800,000, the total authorised capital being £1,000,000, and the new issue will realise the sum of £400,000, with which of course the development of the Company's great resources can be enormously extended. It is, however, unfortunate that the action of the Paris Committee has led to this undesirable increase of the Company's issued share capital. An issue of debentures at 5 or 6 per cent. would have been preferable, since the profits of the Company, which in the near future will probably be very large, would have been divided amongst a much smaller number of shares, and the dividends would have been correspondingly larger. At the meeting on Thursday, a dividend of 7½ per cent. was declared for the past year.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SALOPIAN.—1. We have no special information with regard to the Company you mention, but its prospects do not appear to be very bright. 2. A fairly good investment. The profits of the Company are said this year to be good.

SUBSCRIBER.—1. Hold British North Americas; we expect them to be worth much more than their present price when political conditions are more settled. They will probably recover to the highest price reached this year. 2. Yes, hold; they will probably be better next year. 3. Baku Oil have good prospects. Both the Ordinary and Preference shares are worth holding for the rise.

W. L.—1. The Company does not appear to be making any headway, and we fear its prospects are uncertain. The shares are not quoted. 2. Yes; they are depressed from external causes, and should be held.

NERVA.—1. Look through our list of deep levels, and choose from any of those which show a high yield. 2. Yes; they will probably go to 3 and even higher in the next three months.

E. F. T. (Leicester).—The Company is Canadian and no recent information is to hand with regard to the position of its affairs, nor are its shares quoted on the London Stock Exchange. It does not appear to be very prosperous. You had better write to the Company's correspondents in this country, Wallace & Guthrie, 1 North Charlotte Street, Edinburgh.

ARGUS (Bradford).—(1) Hold. (2) These you should sell at the first favourable opportunity. (3) The Company is well managed, but has to contend with severe and growing competition. (5) There is no hope of an immediate revival in the cycle share market.

W. E. H.—1. 6½ per cent. 2. There is no market in the shares. 3. Sell. 4. Wait until the political situation is more settled.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE TRUE KENSIT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Permit me to commend to the consideration of your correspondent "Ritual" the parable of the "Mote and the Beam." If ever any one stood in need of personal application of the teaching therein conveyed, it is he. "This," he thinks, is "the age of toleration." Such an argument from a *fin de siècle* ritualist is enough to make Satan laugh, for if there be a class which is a typical embodiment of the spirit of supreme intolerance

it is the Romanising ritualists, and in order to acquire insidiously the power to exert their sacerdotal tyranny, they appeal to the spirit of toleration! They, the sacerdotal ritualists, not only presume to dictate to people the minutest actions of their lives, endeavouring to reduce them to that state of abject submission that they may mould them as wax in their designing hands, but they have the impious effrontery to arrogate to themselves the power to shut up the kingdom of heaven against all who have the temerity to disobey their fiat in all matters, religious and social. "Have I been to dissenting services?" "Have I committed adultery?" were the confessional questions on a card given to a young girl who had been staying at a High Church Home. The case was reported in the papers last summer, and nothing could more forcibly exemplify the ritualist's spirit of sacerdotal despotism and intolerance than the placing of adultery in the same category as attendance at dissenting services. Let the ritualists practise the virtue of toleration in a slight degree, at least, before they demand unlimited toleration for their unconstitutional antics. Then your correspondent inveighs against "doing wrong that good may come." This is very rich as coming from a representative of the Romanisers, whose whole life is a tissue of systematic duplicity—creeping into the Protestant Church of England in the pharisaical disguise of Protestant clergy, in order to insidiously undermine and subvert it to Rome. The Romanising of the English Church is obviously, in their estimation, the "good" for the attainment of which they descend to every despicable and unrighteous artifice. That, of course, is not doing wrong in order that what they consider "good" may come. And for an habitual dissembler and deceiver like that to become indignant at the open and magnanimous methods of Mr. Kensit, and denounce them! Can hypocrisy go further? No doubt "Ritualist" and the confederated schemers he represents would like to annihilate Mr. Kensit, but whatever the personal motives of that leader of the noble crusade against these sacerdotal traitors may be, does not in the least detract from the abstract righteousness of his efforts to expose the machinations and intrigue of such covert and deadly enemies of the simple Christian Church of our fathers. In a spirit of indecent exaggeration, "Ritualist" compares the Church of the Evangelicals to a barn. Evangelical Churchmen conduct their services in a spirit of sane reverence. They do not convert their churches into circuses and theatres, and their service into pantomime. Acrobatics and harlequinade are excusable in semi-barbaric races, whose mental evolution does not enable them to distinguish the spiritual from the sensual, but in the religious ritual of civilised communities they are pitiable and reprehensible. The incorruptible God who dwelleth not in temples made with hands; who spreadeth out the heavens like a curtain, and maketh the outgoings of the morning and evening to praise Him; is He to be worshipped with scented smoke, lighted candles, crosses, gew-gaw vestments, creeping processions, droning and crooning intonations, endless circumbendibuses, genuflections, &c.? Such practices are not essential accessories to true worship, and those who attach primary importance to their observance must lack the capacity to apprehend the higher spiritual relations of religion.

"Richer by far is the heart's adoration;

Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor."

The spiritual and moral emancipation of their race is not the aim of the ritualists. It is the establishment of a sacerdotal ascendancy, in which they, poor blind and spiritually deficient egotists, would exercise supreme control over the wills and consciences of the masses. A curious psychological and physiognomical product is the typical ritualist, with his sensual-sentimental nose looking seven ways for Sunday, and his eye the pedantic solemnity of which says plainly "thou shalt have no other gods beside me." By a supererogatory use of the razor they fancy they make themselves the nearest approach to what a poet has beautifully spoken of as "the childless cherubim" that this planet can produce. Success to Mr. Kensit's noble crusade, and confusion to the Romanising mummers!—I am, Sir, yours truly,

MAURICE L. JOHNSON.

MR. "JOHN BICKERDYKE" AND HIS CRITIC.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

London, 5 November.

SIR,—Reviewers are an impertinent set of dogs, and were it not that authors and publishers continue to send out books for review, and seem to read with interest what the reviewer has to say, it would be difficult to know what purpose they serve in the intellectual world. Why I ever ventured to review Mr. Bickerdyke's superb work at all, or why, having so far presumed on your invitation, I dared to call attention to what appeared to me reasonable objections, I cannot, for the life of me, understand. Gladly, however, I take advantage of your generous permission and withdraw every reflection I made on the book, which, even a month ago, appeared to me extremely good, and now fills me with silent and wondering gratitude. As for the slighted illustrations, comment on the work of so conscientious a student of fish as Dr. Day may seem superfluous, but I have no hesitation in saying that they are even better than Mr. Bickerdyke's text. What higher praise can I bestow? I lie at Mr. Bickerdyke's feet and admit his infallibility.—Your obedient servant,

THE REVIEWER.

THE EXTERMINATION OF BIG GAME.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The savage pleasure which some people take in shooting big game is one more proof of the melancholy fact that civilisation and humanity are very far from being synonymous, albeit its apologists plead that such butchery is perpetrated for a high and worthy end. Here is a record of one of Mr. Seton-Karr's "specimen bags," made in a six weeks' shooting tour in Somaliland:—"Five elephants, 2 lions (male), 8 leopards, 2 wart hogs, 11 great spotted hyenas, 7 striped hyenas, 4 oryx beisa antelope, 10 awal antelope, 2 common gazelle, 2 bottlenose antelope, 2 gerenuk antelope, 1 lesser koodoo, 18 dig-nag antelope, 4 bustard, 2 small bustard, 2 sand grouse, 3 genet, 14 guinea fowl, 22 partridge, 4 hares, 30 various." It will be observed that, out of the 150 animals thus butchered, less than thirty belonged to the class of carnivorous fauna. No doubt savage beasts are a danger to the colonist, but no one in his senses would maintain that the killing of the two small bustards, &c., was done for the protection of those pioneers of civilisation.

This custom is the more deplorable, since, in addition to the humane argument against it, a number of interesting animals are threatened with extinction, mainly owing to the "philanthropy" of Mr. Seton-Karr.

Where twenty years ago literally millions of bison were roaming over the great undulating plains of Montana, there to-day you find but the bleached bones. The lordly wapiti, too, has disappeared. Similar destruction is going on wherever there is abundant animal life. In Natal the last rhinoceros was quite recently shot. In Rhodesia that tall and graceful creature, the giraffe, has almost disappeared. And naturalists are now concerned with the possible extinction of the elephant, an animal whose treatment in its wild state is very similar to that meted out to the more ferocious and less sensitive members of a so-called lower order.

Such, in part, is the work of destruction carried on by the skin-hunters and other emissaries of Christian civilisation. In view of these facts it is most probable that a number of other interesting animals, such as the unoffending, harmless antelopes and gazelles, will, in turn, suffer in like manner. If the big game hunters are minded to exterminate the elephant or rhinoceros, as English "collectors" are now exterminating our most beautiful birds, butterflies, and flowers, the right of their fellow men to a voice in the matter must be obvious; and they will have to reckon with an increasing growth of public opinion against them.—I am, yours faithfully,

SIDNEY BRYANT.

DOG-MUZZLING.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Your correspondent, "Muzzled," hits the right nail on the head. It is nonsense to say that the diminution in rabies has been brought about by the muzzling order, where in some places the order has

only been on one side of a street. It has simply been caused by stray and starving dogs being caught and disposed of by the police, and the only good the muzzling may have done is that these, being minus that article, have more readily attracted their attention. Has Mr. Long tried wearing a muzzle himself? If it is not cruel, why should he object? I have been told that the order is not in force where he resides—it would be interesting to know if this is correct! The Ministry ought to be ashamed of their colleague, and the sooner he is hunted the better, if they don't want to lose any more votes. They have lost mine amongst the 73,000 mentioned by your correspondent. There are other and better remedies for the prevention of rabies. Do anything you like, only don't use the muzzle, thereby causing dogs to be a nuisance and worry, instead of the best companion in the animal world.—Yours truly,

EX-TORY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—A staunch Conservative (hitherto), may I ask you to let me make a few remarks on the extraordinary and most damaging state of things with regard to that tough morsel the Board of Agriculture,—I mean the amazing fact that to lay officials are intrusted the settlement of purely veterinary questions. I have not personally been a sufferer from the muzzling order, but directly or indirectly, we all as a nation suffer from stupidity in high places.

Why, in the name of all that is fair and reasonable, should affairs affecting the well-being of dogs and dog-owners not be placed in the hands of experienced, skilful veterinaries? So far the authority of experts has been treated like nothing but a ninepin—set up on purpose to be overthrown. I won't pursue this unfortunate analogy; it must occur to all that ninepins are children's toys, therefore, I am, Sir, yours respectfully,

G. B.

THE BEDBOROUGH CASE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I cordially endorse Mr. Carpenter's manly and sensible letter upon this scandalous case. As he points out, unnatural sexual vice is only too flourishing in our schools; yet, when a book is issued which ought to lead to a consensus of rational thought upon the matter, this book is allowed, with very little protest, to be suppressed practically without discussion after a sham trial, the issue of which was prearranged between the police and one of the agents selling the book!

The elderly female who writes the moral leaders for the "Daily Chronicle" is silly enough to pretend that this suppression is "for the protection of the young." It does not occur to this sadly uninformed old lady that it would be by far the worst thing for the young if present evils continue unchecked. Co-education of the sexes and a decently-imparted physiology both suggest themselves as likely to do a great deal towards the cleansing of sex-morbidities; but in any case, it is eminently a subject for discussion and not for suppression, and the utterances of hysterical old women (of both sexes) will not alter the fact.—Faithfully yours,

WILLIAM PLATT.

SCHOOL BOARD IMPUDENCE AND SPURIOUS CULTURE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

London, 7 November.

SIR,—The letter of your correspondent, "Pro Patria," is so old-world, so reminiscent of the hustings, the bludgeon, and the footpad, that one is tempted for once to break through the rules of civilisation with reference to the anonymous reviler. His production is indeed worthy of note as a literary curiosity, enshrining as it does most of the eccentricities of the *journalise* of a bygone day.

Apart from the style, internal evidence points unerringly to the true period of this curious survival. In one short page his adversary is "a preposterous person," "a man who has an axe to grind," "a finder of mares' nests," "a knave or a fool," "a good and great man who has emerged from his native obscurity," and on whom "the trail of the serpent is clear."

I may say at once that School Board teachers may not be terrified by the language of the cab-stand. Their work too often lies in regions (known to Mr Morrison) where the excesses of "Pro Patria" would be accounted weak indeed, and I do but call attention to these as fixing the time to which your correspondent really belongs.

Naturally enough he did not trouble to read my address before criticising it, for knowledge of your subject was held for pedantry in the sixties. If he had done so, he would have known that I did not "calmly describe as a fundamental error the practically unanimous verdict of the speakers at the Guildhall Conference." The "verdict," I presume, is expressed in the following resolutions—all passed unanimously:—

1. "That this Conference thanks the London Chamber of Commerce and its Conference Committee for having brought together so representative a gathering of those interested in the advancement of commercial education in the United Kingdom; and asks the Chamber and the Conference Committee (with power to the latter to add to its number) to pursue their work to formulate and carry into effect the general resolutions of this Conference."

2. "A vote of thanks to the Lord Mayor and Corporation."

3. "A vote of thanks to the readers of papers."

4. "A vote of thanks to the Chairman."

No word condemnatory of these well-deserved compliments appears in my address, neither did I "sneer at Latin and Greek."

To compare the work of the Board schools with that of Clifton, Cheltenham and Marlborough might be congenial occupation for a polite lunatic. I certainly never made such an idiotic comparison.

But to deny every absurd allegation of "Pro Patria" would be to print my address in full. I content myself with summarising the suggestions I ventured to offer, and beg your readers to pardon a brief quotation. "The consuls," I said, "do not complain that our heads of firms are inferior in capacity to their Continental competitors; but what they do say is that, in the lower ranks of travellers, agents and representatives generally, there is urgent need for improved commercial education and training." What madman would propose that Clifton, Marlborough or Cheltenham, Eton or Harrow, should be utilised as training schools for commercial travellers? My own modest suggestion was to the effect that the School Board system might very well be extended and utilised for this purpose. If the Government could be induced to extend the grants now made for "science" subjects to subjects more closely connected with the future work of the students, this could be done without entailing further burdens on the ratepayers.

Londoners are at a special disadvantage in this matter of commercial training, for the provincial towns have already established Higher Grade schools with satisfactory results. London, the richest commercial city of the world, lags behind, and the prejudices and ignorance of persons of your correspondent's type, with their silly little notions of class, block the way. Inferentially this honest journalist (he drops into the editorial "we" as by nature) offers himself as an example of "culture." Impudence may be forgiven the School Board boy, but Eton and Christchurch are not usually associated with coarse invective and vulgar misrepresentation. For the sake of "the older seats" I can only hope that "Pro Patria's" acquaintance with them has been small. But why pose? *Pro Patria*, *Pro pudor!*—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

A. A. THOMAS.

"WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR HOOLIGANS?"

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

1 November, 1898.

SIR,—The article on the "Hooligans," which appeared in your last issue, seems a somewhat unduly optimistic study of that remarkable type. The usual opinion entertained by those who have examined the question is that the pedigree of Hooliganism runs—by Drunkenness, out of Survival-of-the-Unfit, and that the naked

and unashamed viciousness of certain entertainments furnishes its most stimulating food. Your contributor maintains that the murders, maimings and general brutality associated with the latest species of London blackguard do but constitute the youthful ebullience of those qualities which the English race most values, and bids us beware lest by legislation we impede his development; and he appeals to the fact that the English race manages its affairs and enterprises with far less external regulation than most other nations, and prides itself greatly on so doing. But it is not the absence of law which in itself constitutes anything admirable, else were the most degraded and isolated savages the finest people on earth. The right reason for our pride aforesaid is that we have, generally speaking, abundantly proved our ability to conduct ourselves with pluck, sense and decency without legal compulsion thereto. The Hooligan is out of court here. He evinces no reason and less than no decency, and as for pluck, he hunts in packs, and never attacks anything that might possibly prove a fair match for him. Your contributor's view of the capacities of the gentleman in question differs diametrically from that taken by the Army authorities. They ought to know what raw material is best adapted to their purpose, and no man who has been in jail is accepted as a soldier. If your contributor's ideas are correct, recruits should rather be classified in order of merit according to the number of crimes of violence they have committed. Membership of one of those gangs which have lately made themselves conspicuous would ensure acceptance, while I presume that the youth who could point to such an achievement as the shooting to death of an elderly man in free gaiety of heart, a rape, or the kicking to death (assisted by seven or eight other heroes) of a policeman would be marked for promotion at the earliest possible opportunity. How he might put in as many "drunks" as he could wish, when the ordinary linesman is ignominiously discharged on nine convictions for drunkenness in one year remains, however, an unsolved problem.

Your contributor alludes in warning to the degradation from the pristine estate of "healthy animal" which must ensue to the Hooligan on the administration to himself of a dose of physical pain, such as he so delights to inflict. But, in the first place, is the Hooligan a healthy animal? Expert opinion generally seems to regard him as "half-baked," alcoholic, and devoid of stamina; and, in the second, can a private flogging really be said to entail appreciable degradation on a creature whose daily life is all but unprintable? As for the appeal to show the Hooligan that we are proud of him with which the essay concludes, I can only say that if it is shown me where under heaven I can obtain an impetus towards pride in a creature whose only claim on my notice lies in his exuberant taste for baiting, maiming and slaughtering anything from a cat to a constable, which seems to afford easy prey to a mob of him and his ilk, I will endeavour to oblige.—Your obedient servant,

A. C.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The author of the article about Hooligans seems to think that the Hooligan is a useful and essential part in the British Empire. Perhaps he is an admirer of the British rough in all his delightful phases? But if he thinks that the Hooligan must be fostered and protected from the law in order to make uproars in the streets and assault harmless passengers, I should be inclined to say that his article is good in theory only, if even it is good in that. I myself cannot see the resemblance between Drake and the half-drunken youth who stirs up a needless fight by his own debauched behaviour.

Perhaps the author of this defence of Hooligans has never met with any of those charming species of youth which he seems to think should be encouraged rather than suppressed. He thinks it is an excellent thing for those youths who have nothing to do all day and whom one sees in such profusion round public-houses, to attack each other in unseemly brawls. If they vented their ardour in some way which would be useful to the State, such as enlisting, there might be some sense in defend-

ing them, but I fail to see the use of praising and encouraging the street cads in their senseless and degrading fights. When these Hooligans see that only a slight punishment is awarded them for some street brawl they will go on to something still more serious. Surely, there are enough robberies and murders in England without deliberately fostering the youth who have grown up in their fathers' trade, and who are longing to follow to its fullest limits that baneful profession! The youth who has spent his early days in debauchery and slouching about the streets will never rise to any prominent position. It is only in a general revolution that even such men as the Marshals of France spring up, and even then most of them were sprung from sober citizens, and not from parents who have spent their lives robbing and stealing. No; most certainly, if we would see crimes and criminals decrease in England some measures must be taken to suppress these young bloods or to turn their ardour into some useful channel.—I am, Sir, yours, &c., M. S.

"A PARTY IN A PARLOUR."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Helensburgh, N.B., 5 November, 1898.

SIR,—In his article on the Grafton Gallery, in the "Saturday Review" of this date, "D. S. M." writes: "Then I quoted Shelley against it, 'the party in a parlour . . . all silent and all damned.'" Presumably he is thinking of the famous stanza that occurred in the first (1819) edition of Wordsworth's "Peter Bell," near the close of Part First. The poet, wrestling in a series of surmises with the "startling sight" that threatened to petrify his hero, originally culminated thus:—

"Is it a party in a parlour?
Crammed just as they on earth were crammed—
Some sipping punch, some sipping tea,
But as you by their faces see,
All silent and all damned!"

Early admirers of Wordsworth deprecated this outburst, and Crabb Robinson in his Diary, under date 11 June, 1820 (vol. i., p. 349), writes thus:—

"Breakfasted with Monkhouse. Mr. and Mrs. Wordsworth there. He has resolved to make some concession to public taste in 'Peter Bell.' Several offensive passages will be struck out, such as 'Is it a party in a parlour?' &c., which I implored him to omit before the book first appeared. . . . I never before saw him so ready to yield to the opinion of others. He is improved not a little by this, in my mind."

THOMAS BAYNE.

FLOGGING.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

10 November, 1898.

SIR,—“S. F.” rather cleverly takes advantage of my accidental substitution of “dread” for his original expression “object to” in my analogy between toothache and flogging. If we dread the dentist more than the toothache it is because the former stands for the certainty of a smaller pain, and the latter for only the probability of a greater pain. As soon as the toothache becomes vividly realised as a certainty we fly to the dentist, thereby proving that the things we most object to are not always those we dread the most. If “S. F.” will try to find out how the Hooligans can be made to vividly realise the certainty of any result of his actions, he will have started on the track of scientific prevention of crime; but I am not hopeful of him.

As to the rest of the letter, it exceeds my greatest expectations. I hoped to get something of the kind out of “S. F.,” but scarcely anything so anti-scientific as this. He writes of bacilli and arrowroot and the rewarding of vice, apparently supposing them to have some connexion with the scientific prevention of crime; he claims that hanging is more effective than flogging, and yet calls out for the less effective treatment; and he ends with a touching declaration of a faith that is evidently far above any considerations of evidence.—I am, yours, &c., A. M. DAVIES.

REVIEWS.

OUR PRISON HELLS.

“I was in Prison.” By F. Brocklehurst, B.A. London: Unwin.

DURING all the recent discussions on our prison system there has been no publication that should be more effective for reform than this recital by Mr. Brocklehurst of his experience during a month's imprisonment in Manchester jail. The evidence of an ex-prisoner as to the defects of prison administration is generally regarded with suspicion. The public argues that such a witness, being a member of the criminal class, is probably exaggerating in the hope of making things easier by the time he goes back again, and that his criticism is merely the rage of an unworthy and embittered man against the system that has dealt with him according to his deserts. Much of the prevailing indifference on the subject is thus explained; for the only people who can testify to many of the facts are those who have been in prison, and it is an easy and convenient method of burking the whole business to declare their testimony tainted and worthless, knowing that by the nature of the case no other can be forthcoming. Mr. Brocklehurst's story, however, is not to be brushed aside in that way. His calendar month had no criminal taint about it. He disagreed with and broke an absurd and arbitrary bye-law of the Parks Committee of the Manchester Corporation, and went to prison as a protest rather than pay a fine. We believe that the public of Manchester, after his release, promptly showed their opinion of the dispute by returning him to the Town Council with a substantial majority over the Committee Chairman who had ordered the prosecution. The most timid and orthodox reader may therefore approach this book without making the usual allowance for a criminal bias in the writer, and may take it as the work of an educated and publicly respected gentleman to whom the accident of a contest with provincial Bumbledom has given direct access to facts generally hidden from the law-abiding. We do not for a moment admit that the usual allowance is justified. Many of the stories from the prison-house told by avowed criminals are bitterly and shamefully true; but, in view of the prejudiced attitude of the average respectable person towards experienced evidence of prison conditions it is an advantage to be able at the outset to claim unquestioned respectability and good faith for a valuable witness.

Mr. Brocklehurst has no sensational incidents to relate, nor does his work bear any trace of the personal bitterness that might readily be forgiven in a man whose health was so broken down that it took a year of travel and change to restore it. Generally, when the public has been moved upon this subject, it has been by some special and dramatic incident—an inquest upon some unhappy suicide, or the insanity of some particular prisoner. But such cases, after all, are upon the extreme limit to which our prison system forces the men who come under its influence. What the public does not realise is the horror, not of these exceptional cases, but of the abiding, every-day, pitiless process of demoralisation, to which every man who passes a prison door is subjected without a moment's relaxation. This it is that Mr. Brocklehurst helps us to understand. From reception to discharge he enables us to realise the interior and atmosphere of a prison, the hopelessness of any conceivable good coming out of it, and the deadly certainty of its issue in the degradation of every human creature, prisoner or official, who comes into contact with it. The man who is foolish enough to believe that the system has the slightest reformatory influence upon our criminal population is either an idiot, or is ignorant of the facts; and in the latter alternative we commend this narrative to him. It is a record of little ingenious mean devices for securing the prisoner's personal discomfort at all times, by semi-starvation, by sleeplessness, by food so designed as to produce chronic diarrhoea, and by numberless studied indignities that have no disciplinary value, but are solely designed to smash the last atom of self-respect out of him. In the course of a single week

the man forgets that he ever was a man. No call is made from the moment of his admission until he leaves upon his intelligence his moral sense or his personal responsibility. The triumph of the system is to reduce him to a mechanical figure, and the good prisoner in the official sense is the one who faces the walls, keeps his eyes on a particular inch of wall-space, holds his hands in the regular position, and betrays no sign of intelligence or individual will upon any occasion. At the best the prisoner is dry-rotted into imbecility by this process. At the worst he is driven by his craving for human companionship of some sort into depraved and corrupt secret communications with his fellow-prisoners. Beneath the silence and the mechanical order that pervade every prison there is, in the total absence of opportunity for the exercise of honest intelligence, or access to moralising influences, this smothered and festering layer of corrupting secret intercourse in which the partially depraved but still redeemable offender lies in soak, absorbing knowledge of criminal ways and ideas by furtive whispers and signs, till every moral fibre of his nature is rotted away. The human craving for intercourse will find an outlet in some way. Our prison system provides no outlet in a decent direction. Its ideal is silence, even to the exclusion of all good influences and the rigid enforcement of physical indignities upon the solitary prisoner. And so the craving finds its outlet by way of pestilent intercommunication of evil, and every prison in England is a soaking pit for completing the moral ruin of those who are thrown into it.

Mr. Brocklehurst not only helps us to understand this contaminating influence of prison life upon the man already predisposed to criminality. He gives us also a vivid perception of the influence of the system upon such prisoners as realise their error, and would gladly avail themselves of helpful influences. To what conceivable detail in this daily round of physical indignities can such a man turn for assistance and elevation? The system has nothing to say to him. Mr. Brocklehurst's own experience in the matter of access to books shows that there is nothing to be expected in that direction. There is no soft place in all his surroundings, nothing human or guiding. Everything is rigid, mechanical, impenetrable. The unhappy man can merely pace his cell aimlessly and hopelessly. In nine cases out of ten his remorse and his willingness to avail himself of good influences die away in the absence of such good influences, and within a few weeks he becomes like the rest. A human system would save such men, and there are many of them. The present system rebuffs them from the outset, and ends by moulding them into the usual shape and sending them out into the world to come back to the cell again.

The book is not without its lighter touches. Mr. Brocklehurst is a man of some humour, as his chapter on books in prison shows. His skirmishes with the governor as to what "books of moral improvement" were, he applying for Shakespeare under the rule that permitted him the use of such books, and the governor offering him a packet of fifty-year-old tracts, must have lightened the time for him. He had the forethought to provide himself with a toothbrush, a bath sponge, and a comb and brush before going to the police-court for trial. The fearful and wonderful astonishment of the prison officials at the appearance of these things, and their consternation at the idea of a prisoner suggesting the admission of them into his cell, would be comical did they not illustrate the administrative prison spirit which in other details produces results by no means comical. Had he suggested the introduction of dynamite into the prison their astonishment could apparently not have been less than at the notion of a prisoner wanting to keep his teeth clean; and so Mr. Brocklehurst's toilet bag was securely locked away in the prison offices, and cautiously handed back to him on the morning of his release. No doubt the officials were glad to see such dangerous and undisciplined articles safely off the premises. Probably they never clean their own teeth. No man becomes a prison warden unless he is unfit to earn his livelihood decently; prison warders are drawn from the lowest class.

MR. MEREDITH'S ODES.

"Odes in Contribution to the Song of French History."
By George Meredith. London: Constable.

IN his later poetry Mr. George Meredith taxes the fidelity of his loyal admirers rather severely. We can honestly say that few things would give us greater pleasure than to offer a tribute of cordial and unstinted praise to these odes on the history of France. Their author is, to-day, of living English writers still militant and active, the one around whom most of sympathy and admiration centres. We are proud of him; we delight in the fine attitude of his mind; he relinquishes nothing in his fight with what is poor and commonplace. But even in his prose, and even in the best of his prose, there are elements of confusion and extravagance that bring a cloud across our satisfaction, while in his verse, and especially in the worst of his verse, these chaotic qualities take a prominence which destroys the greater part of our pleasure. When we have read the volume before us with bewilderment and acute mental distress, we feel inclined to make a despairing appeal to the eminent author himself, to ask him, with all respect and humility, whether he can really defend the system on which these odes are composed, and what he would think of them if they were presented to him as the work of another person. If they showed signs of weakness or decay we should be very careful to avoid, so far as possible, any disrespectful reference to the fact; but they do not. The voice is as triumphant as ever, the intellectual force as rapid and authoritative; it is the scheme of poetics which seems to us so arrogantly false. Even Mr. Meredith must not write like this and expect nothing but commendation from his critics.

The "Odes" are four in number, and they deal with the Revolution, with Napoleon, with the Invasion of 1870, and with the problem of Alsace-Lorraine. The third of these has long been known to us, for it was published twenty-eight years ago; the other three, but especially the first and fourth, bear internal evidence of having been recently composed. Comparison between, let us say, the third and the first, shows in how striking a degree Mr. Meredith has permitted the peculiarities of his style to grow upon him since 1870. The Invasion ode does not rank very high among Mr. Meredith's poems of the same general date, but it is astonishingly lucid and intelligible when compared with the odes of 1898. What we discover, by this convenient parallel, to have grown upon Mr. Meredith is the desire to dazzle and deafen the reader. The phrases are now more gorgeous than they were, the illustrations more astonishing, the rhetorical vocabulary more emphatic. It has always been Mr. George Meredith's snare that in the almost pathetic desire to escape anything that savours of the commonplace, he has been led to adopt a key of language too high for the theme in hand. As he has grown older, and especially in his verse, he has carried this emphasis to such an extreme that what began as a merit has become a distressing and even a perilous fault.

Mr. Meredith's horror of the banal has led him to a more and more violent search for extraordinary words, images, and turns of fancy. Triviality is so hateful to him that he has become insensible to the fact that in order to address his fellows at all, certain familiar locutions must be permitted. Mr. Meredith defies intelligibility by clothing not only rare and splendid conceptions with magnificent verbiage, but by lavishing it everywhere, so that his very scavenger-boys run about in cloth-of-gold. He is full of defiances. He evidently does not write verse with ease, a peculiarity which we are far from upbraiding him with. But he is nervously anxious to destroy the traces of his difficulties, and he does this, or thinks to do it, by curious stratagems. When he has been drawn into the use of a particularly extravagant or inapt image, he tries to enforce our admiration by repeating it again and again. The amazing simile of the "cherubim" and the "mastodons" is one example of this, and the unfortunate but reiterated phrase about "Earth's fluttering little lyre" another.

Surely, the aim of poetry should be to give enthusiastic pleasure. But, for this purpose, it must offer us the passion of great music, great thoughts, or great

illustrations. In extended poems, however, this excitement cannot and should not be sustained uninterruptedly, and the intermediate passages, in which the intensity is subdued, must at least be lucid and graceful. To prove the truth of this we have but to examine any lengthy and successful composition of Dryden, or Wordsworth, or Spenser. But here is one of Mr. Meredith's intermediate passages:—

"For the belted Overshadower hard the course,
On whom devolves the spirit's touchstone, Force;
Which is the strenuous arm, to strike inclined,
That too much adamant makes the mind;
Forgets its coin of Nature's rich Exchange;
Contracts horizons within present sight;
Amalekite to-day, across its range
Indisputable, to-morrow Simeonite."

We will not awaken controversy by saying that this has no meaning; but we will be bold enough to say that it has no beauty, that it fails to produce any one of the effects upon which poetry bases its claim to human attention.

Disapproving, as we must have the candour to do, the whole system on which these odes are composed, and denying to them, in spite of their eloquence and force, any pretension to be called successful as poems, we hasten to speak of what we can enjoy in compositions so wilful and grotesque. First of all, even in the precipitous jumble of their imagery, they frequently bear witness to their author's extraordinary observation of natural objects. If we free ourselves from the bondage of Mr. Meredith's intolerable emphasis by taking one of his thundering tirades to pieces, we shall often be rewarded by a line or a phrase of concentrated vision. Such verses as "sack-like droop bronze pears on the railed branch-frontage," and such a couplet as—

"Forth from her bearded tube of lacquey brass
Reverberant notes and long blew volent France,"

show what a magician Mr. Meredith can be. A group of words, such as:—

"the robber wasp
That in the hanging apple makes a nest,
And carves a face of abscess where was fruit
Ripe ruddy,"

shows how he can abuse his magic, because the image here, although marvellously seen, is so preposterously over-emphatic in the context that we forget all about the historical aspect of which Mr. Meredith is speaking, and think of nothing but the intolerably vivid image. So that fancy here defeats its own object, and, while professing to illuminate its theme, merely drowns it in a momentary glare of blinding limelight.

The "Napoleon" ode is certainly the best, and offers us a somewhat vague but large and elevated portrait of a great man with whom Mr. Meredith's sympathy is not of yesterday. The strophe beginning "Ah! what a dawn of splendour" is less turbid than usual, and offers us some magnificent rhetoric of the order of Shelley's "Ode to Naples" and Mr. Swinburne's "Eve of Revolution." It is sustained, too, in a pure flow of reverberating pomp, and not spoiled, as is so frequently the case, by such sudden intolerable interpolations as

"The friable and the grumous, dizzards both,"

certainly, one of the most extraordinary lines in the English language. The character of Napoleon is analysed in the earlier strophes of this ode with great penetration and with a directness and clearness which is like that of some serious passage in Boileau or Pope, very acute and just, although essentially unimaginative. On the whole, however, the most delightful passage in the volume, and that which torments us least with over-emphasis or a restless search after oddity, after the unusual, is the temperate and generous praise of France in the tenth strophe of "Alsace-Lorraine." Had all, or much, been like this, we should not have had to record, with genuine grief, our conviction that this ambitious cycle of odes had better have been left unattempted.

HAROLD FREDERIC'S LAST NOVEL.

"Gloria Mundi." By Harold Frederic. London: Heinemann.

HAROLD FREDERIC was my friend; he dedicated to me his novel, "March Hares"; I knew something of his mind and something of the conditions of his

life, and sympathised with both. I am filled with the tragedy of his untimely death; and all the complex emotions which thrilled that little house at Kenley, whence he went out alone into the darkness, find an echo in my heart.

It is of all this I want to write, not of "Gloria Mundi." To criticise it calmly and dispassionately, the last work of my poor dead friend, is very difficult to me. For the sake of those he has left behind him I should like to have found it wholly good and wholly worthy; but writing of this great, strong, truthful man I can but write truthfully, and "Gloria Mundi" will not live as long as the memory of its writer.

It is the story of a young man who has been brought up abroad, away from his own people, educated in a French monastery, and afterwards allowed to earn his own poor living by teaching. He is suddenly summoned to take possession of the Dukedom of the very existence of which he has up to now been ignorant. His training and environment have made him an emotional, excitable Frenchman; there is nothing English about him but his ancestry; he is given to tears and gesticulations. On his journey towards England he meets a young woman, converses with her, falls in love with her impulsively, and in the last chapter he becomes engaged to her. There is no obvious reason why he should have done so; she appears to have indifferent manners, an ordinary appearance, and an irritable temper. But the psychological moment and his temperament combine to make the meeting memorable. The story of their love is, however, only an incident in the story of the book. That concerns itself with the history of the Ducal family of Torr. It is better written than invented, and better observed than either. There is the Ducal branch that has the mortgaged land and the tarnished title, evil reputation and threatened bankruptcy; and the younger branch enriched by Jewish intermarriage, of high standing, occupying itself in philanthropic schemes, and incidentally in business. Among the most cherished of these philanthropic schemes is one to re-establish the Dukedom, gild it and burnish it, and make it stand once more resplendent in the world. The character of the old Duke and his heirs has rendered this impossible, until a seasonable yachting accident removes the many who have stood between the title and the young Frenchman, who is the son of one whose villainies had proved even beyond the forgiving power of a country that is governed by its peerage. But all this leads nowhere; there is no drama, and no movement, and no excitement. The heirship of the interloper is never even questioned. He succeeds, and is endowed, and becomes engaged, and the book is finished. His father's misdeeds have died with him; his grandfather and his uncles' wickednesses are only alluded to. But the two love-making scenes show better than anything else in the book the author's strength and weakness. The first is in a City restaurant; the smell of the food, the awkward hurry of the greasy waiters, the rush of irritable City men, the unappetising menu are all there as fit environment for the working woman whom the young Duke wants for his wife. Nothing could be more vivid and realistic than the scene; and the very fog of the dreary London day hangs over the talk. The love-making under such depressing circumstances can but be poor and unimpressive; it is the weather and the surroundings that make it so, it is not that the author has lost grip or feared to write boldly of the primitive emotions; it is that they do not exist at "The Lombard," and he is there with his characters and cannot write of what does not exist. The other scene is in the country; it is not nearly as well done; trees and moorland have no atmosphere, and the Duke is positively inept. But so he would have been; it is too soon after his grandfather's funeral for him to have "found himself"; it was only necessity that forced him to speak at all. This is the charm and value of the book; the characters always keep in their skin; when they have a chance for a dramatic moment they do not take advantage of it, are quite alive and true and therefore shy and awkward. But this is also the failing of the book. It is sometimes as dull as life. Harold Frederic had the honesty of the special reporter and the training of the busy journalist,

and both of them interfered with his gift of romance. So his books lack artistry; they are panoramas of brilliant scenes, they are galleries of speaking likenesses, but they are not novels at all. He was still young; had he been allowed to live, it is impossible to say how far he would have gone, for he knew his own faults and deplored them. The root of the matter was in him even if it never grew to vigorous planthood. A few green shoots we have had, and now the cold of death has ended it. And all the epitaph that can be honestly written is that he was a big man who did small work. I am sorry to write it. If "*Gloria Mundi*" had been a worse book, the task of reviewing it would have been an easier one, for it is a simple thing to say a novel is bad in such a manner that the great stupid novel-reading public will flock to buy or borrow it. It is a thousand times more difficult to show where good work is defective without repelling the sympathies and dulling the interest of this same unreasoning crowd. And there is good, fine, strong imaginative work in "*Gloria Mundi*," and in everything that Harold Frederic wrote, and the impress of a great mind, and always the promise of better things, and in the rush of sorrow that seizes me because that promise is now for ever unfulfilled I have perhaps said badly what I would fain have written glowingly.

FRANK DANBY.

THE THIRD DUKE OF GRAFTON.

"Autobiography and Political Correspondence of Augustus Henry, Third Duke of Grafton, K.G. From hitherto Unpublished Documents in the possession of his Family." Edited by Sir William R. Anson. London: Murray.

IT is not Sir William Anson's fault that, in editing the third Duke of Grafton's autobiography, he has failed to make his subject attractive. His Introduction is lucid and stimulating; his Notes are neat, numerous, and quite trustworthy. Few historians are better qualified than the Warden of All Souls' to show the way through the sordid and tortuous intrigues of a period which—such is the irony of politics—produced some of the grandest and purest figures in the annals of Parliament. To that small group Grafton did not belong. His vices were as dull as his virtues. If he had possessed a spark of vivid human nature, he might have made himself interesting. Everything was in his favour, and he did all the right things. He had rank, wealth, eloquence, and talent; he held the highest offices of State and steadily neglected his public duties. He was strong enough to make the Ministries he joined and mar those he stood aloof from. He was eminent in the hunting-field and devoted to racing. He quarrelled openly with his Duchess, and as openly lived with a lovely lady of uneasy reputation. What more do you want for the materials of a popular character? Many men have made themselves heroes on half the advantages enjoyed by Grafton. To complete his titles to public admiration he was charged with iniquities of which he was innocent, and bitterly attacked by the most scurrilous pamphleteers of an age which carried libel far beyond the most daring flights of modern French journalism. But neither his amours with "Nancy Parsons" nor the calumnies of "Junius" could rouse sympathy for a colourless personage. Indeed, it is a reproach to the satirist that he should have wasted his polished epigrams on a politician who might more appropriately have been vanquished with a yawn. Sir William Anson, though for a different reason, refuses to believe that Sir Philip Francis was the author of so ferocious an attack—there was nothing in his career to explain it. Even if he took some part in the composition of the letters, the policy was directed, and much of the information supplied, by Temple—he may possibly have polished the invective. Temple had the best of reasons for hating Grafton and seeking to destroy his reputation. On the fall of the Rockingham Ministry Pitt had invited Temple to join the new Cabinet, but refused to place at his disposal as much patronage as he had demanded. On this rupture with Temple, Pitt turned to Grafton, and it was Grafton's assistance that enabled him to carry on without Temple. This was the sort of injury which Temple was not likely to forgive.

All this is true enough, and Sir William Anson does well to recall it. But the grounds are very slight, on his own showing, for attributing to Temple any active part in preparing the Junius letters.

The most amiable quality in Grafton, and the cause of his political failure, was his admiration for Pitt. Any Administration which included this somewhat impracticable statesman was good enough for Grafton, and none without him seemed worth supporting. But as a Party leader Pitt was far from perfect. He had genius, as Sir William Anson says, but he was not suited to the every-day work of statesmanship. "For great occasions he was the greatest of living Englishmen; for ordinary business he was too often pompous, affected, intractable." Besides this, his health was treacherous, and even affected his judgment. There is something pitiful in the persistence with which Grafton, when a real statesman would have rejoiced in an emergency that gave him the chance of distinction, turned for counsel to the disabled leader, or lamented that the door of his sick-room was kept locked against helpless colleagues. Nor was Pitt very loyal to the men of whom he made use. He took his peerage and pension without consulting their convenience or giving them notice of his intention, and he repaid Grafton for his hero-worship by turning on him at a critical moment. It was one of Grafton's virtues not to bear malice. He was wounded by this treatment, but never resented it. And in his relations with Lord Camden, a friend with whom he stood more on a level, he showed still greater forbearance. He regrets their estrangement, and when it suited the other to make overtures of renewed intimacy he gladly accepts them without any kind of reserve. Nor is it quite against him that in the autobiography he passes without notice over the attacks of Junius. There were many personal charges which he could have flatly disproved, others that might have been extenuated, and on general policy he could if he pleased have made a fairly good reply to criticisms which were not distinguished either by serious reflection or political insight.

If Grafton had followed his own judgment, and succeeded in impressing it upon his colleagues, his reputation as a practical Statesman would have stood as high as Pitt's, and the American Declaration of Independence might have been delayed, at least, for a generation. Even when things had reached an almost desperate pass he pressed conciliatory action on North. Penn had come over from Philadelphia with a Petition from Congress. The pedants about King George declared that such a document could not be considered either by the Sovereign or his Ministers—there was legally no such body as Congress of the United Colonies. Grafton admits the technical point, but asks North whether the substance of the American complaint might not be brought before Parliament in such a way as to meet the practicable and reasonable demands of the Colonists. Again, he suggests that Parliament should request the Crown to issue orders to the General to "communicate to the rebel army that from various motives of tenderness, affection, and humanity, no hostile steps should be taken until the issue should be known, in case the Colonies would depute persons to state to Parliament their wishes and expectations." Then, he says, there might be a long adjournment; this would prove the reluctance of Great Britain to engage in a civil war, and "would give a spirit here (which now there is not) to proceed in it." This letter was left unanswered by North for seven weeks, and he then only wrote to convey "the general outline of our American plan," which was, in effect, to use force against any Colony that did not give in its submission. Thereupon, Grafton decided to resign office (at this time he held the Privy Seal), and ventured to remonstrate with George III. on the policy of his Ministers. "The King vouchsafed to debate the business much at large, and appeared to be astonished when I answered earnestly, to his information that a large body of German troops was to join our forces, that his Majesty would find too late that twice that number would only increase the disgrace, and never effect his purpose." In judging Grafton's career, this incident must always be put down to his credit, especially as such sacrifice of office was not held obligatory in the constitutional etiquette of the period.

Nor should it be forgotten that, although he figures in the list of Prime Ministers, his authority in his own Cabinet was not like that wielded by the Statesmen who in the present century have given their names to successive Administrations. The office of Prime Minister, as we understand it, is only about 100 years old. Grafton, for instance—though, when Pitt retired, he held the most responsible post in the Government—never considered himself, or was considered, responsible for the whole policy of his Ministry. He was only *primus inter pares*, and never thought of resigning just because he was outvoted in his own Cabinet. Pitt and Temple had taken this course, Sir William Anson reminds us, in 1761 in the question of the Spanish War, and Grafton (as we have seen) in 1775 in the American War. But it was an unusual and not a necessary method of expressing disagreement. It is the new doctrine—or fiction—of a unanimous Cabinet which makes a Prime Minister supreme so long as he carries with him a majority in the House of Commons. He represents the collective responsibility, and his colleagues must either obey him or lead a successful revolt. But in the last century the Prime Minister was not even assured of the power to nominate his own associates. Grafton, for instance, thought himself bound to protest when he found that Shelbourne had admitted the Duke of Rutland to the Cabinet without consulting or informing the other members. Grafton had no personal or political objection to Rutland; he was resisting what he considered a usurpation on the part of Shelbourne. On this ground—added to his general distrust of that shifty politician—he offered his resignation to the King. It was a violation, he said, of the accepted system of “general Cabinet orders.”

If the autobiography now published and Sir William Anson's commentary on it do not greatly modify our estimate of a statesman who would be forgotten but for the mischief which he failed to prevent, we see that Grafton was on the whole superior to many men of his time: he was not corrupt, or ambitious, or treacherous. From such vulgar failings he was saved by personal pride as well as by social position—he was too much of the Duke. In conclusion we may quote a curious reflection (1767) on a “recent success of the British arms in India.” To our connexion with that country Grafton attributes “the germs of an interior luxury and profligacy of manners, with a great share of our present corruption.” “It is true; the English arms flourished and did conquer; but the hearts of Englishmen were each day further reconciled to every act of oppression, extortion and cruelty.” When Grafton hears of a victory he says it brings to his thoughts all the evil which, in his mind, India has brought to this country. Strange doctrine, as Sir William Anson says, for a follower of the Imperialist Chatham. But in the methods practised by Englishmen at this period in India and in the lives they led on their return there was, perhaps, some serious reason for Grafton's moralising. And he became very moral as he grew old; he even “experienced” religion.

OUR SPORTING SISTERS.

“The Sportswoman's Library.” Edited by Frances E. Slaughter. London: Constable.

THERE is, it is said, an alarming revival of brigandage just now in the fair island of Sicily, the only difference between the new brigand and the old being that the former is a regular contributor to the newspapers. An analogy, of which the merest adumbrage may suffice, suggests itself to the venturesome male who takes up the handsome volumes that a score of fair enthusiasts have just dedicated to Lady Worcester. The sporting woman is, in fact, a revival. For a hundred years or so women of all degrees took no part in the stern pleasures of the chase, but gave themselves wholly to the not uncongenial pursuit of man. The reaction is come with the closing century. Man is dethroned in favour of the fox and carted deer; the sporting woman is once again to the front, and—she writes to the papers. But she is no more than a revival. She may be chaste as the huntress Artemis, sage as Athena, tamer of wild horses, or she may not. Tender and womanly she may be, or slangy and

mannish. For she is not, like the sportsman, a type. As one of Miss Slaughter's devoted little band says of tarpon fishing, opportunity makes the sportswoman. Her conversion may in a trice be brought about by a sporting brother or—no, we dare not so slander Diana.

The “Sportswoman's Library,” not quite the first attempt, if memory serves us, to provide didactic literature for the female who loves to sport, or at any rate to talk sport, deserves all the popularity it will surely achieve. As a serious compendium of woman's sports it can hardly, with the “Encyclopædia of Sport” just attaining its completion, be the editor's intention that it should be taken. Admittedly, we imagine, the work is to be welcomed as supplementary to these and other works dealing with kindred topics, and this must in fairness be accepted in explanation of the fragmentary nature of some of the contributions, the great difference of treatment in subjects apparently so closely allied as to require a measure of uniformity, and the hap-hazard arrangement, neither alphabetical or anything else, by which they are grouped. Also, the library is not yet complete, which must curb the impatience of those who look for rowing, the most easily attainable, if not also one of the most beloved of the recreations of the sex at the present day, or hawking, the passion of the sporting women of bygone centuries.

The articles in the opening two volumes are too many and too long to admit of a more than passing glance in the present review. As already indicated, there is an agreeable variety in style. In the majority, perhaps, style is conspicuous rather by its absence. Mrs. Burn heads the list appropriately enough with a breezy essay on the delights of fox-hunting and the proper behaviour of women when they follow hounds—follow, be it observed, and not over-ride. It is true that most, if not all, of her counsels have been diffidently tendered before now by men who have written on the subject, but it is wholesome to see a lady rebuking the follies of her own sex, and the male heretic would, not irreverently, think of Mrs. Burn as a good chum. The hunting articles are, for some reason or other, scattered over the two volumes, and elsewhere in the book the editor goes pleasantly and easily over well-trodden ground in discussing of hare-hunting, the carted deer and hunters generally. There are two shooting contributors. Mrs. Lowther and an unknown go at some length into the subjects, and agree—all thanks to them—that women are a nuisance at big shoots. Angling, one of a few sports in which Cleopatra's sex has always excelled, is in such good hands that one regrets the hopelessly inadequate space allotted to a subject of such importance. As it is, Mrs. Murphy-Grimshaw writes in the true sportsman-naturalist spirit of her excursions after tarpon, while the more homely joys of killing salmon, trout and coarse fish are dismissed in some fifty pages by the editor and Lady Malmesbury, the latter epitomising the sacred mysteries of the dry fly method in a disrespectful and scanty dozen lines that would make the devotee shudder.

Of the numerous other articles, space must be found to mention a most erudite account of the history of archery, from the pen of Miss Walrond, herself an archer and one of a family renowned with the bow; a very excellent chapter on golf, by Miss Starkie-Bence; two chatty, if not very practical, contributions on yachting and punt racing; and two sternly technical articles on driving and cycling. The concluding chapter on lawn tennis (*not* tennis, *tout court*, as in the contents) is likewise replete with useful hints, desirably supplemented with the rules, handicap tables, and regulations for the governing of tournaments.

The general get-up of these volumes is beyond reproach, but, frankly, we do not like the portraits. Any little indulgence of vanity was unworthy on this particular occasion, and the portraits, even had they been without exception admirable, were certainly superfluous. It is a pity, indeed, that they were included, for the irreverent will almost certainly find that women cannot even write of sport without being personally in evidence, and may even doubt whether the fair would often go a-shooting, a-fishing, or a-golfing without the mitigating presence of the male creature. As a matter of fact, the cynic would in this be in error; but for this—

the wholly unnecessary portraits (even that of the lady to whom the volumes are dedicated!) are to thank.

The next volume will doubtless find room for rowing, swimming, riding, hawking, fencing and gymnastics, hockey and sundry other pastimes eminently suited to the weaker sex, but it is devoutly to be hoped that Miss Slaughter will sternly exclude racing, for the betting woman is a curse, and cricket, for the batting woman is a farce. In welcoming the resurrection of the sporting woman we are merely taking a year or two by the forelock, and bowing to a not altogether unwelcome inevitable. Imitation is the sincerest flattery, and the women are unconsciously paying tribute to the lead of their once lords and masters. In a little space there may indeed appear a gallant "Who's Who?" (of course, with portraits) "biographing" the wives and daughters, for, if we go on at this rate, it will soon be as essential to him who studies the pastimes of the great to know that the Duchess of Newcastle affects dogs, and Lady Norreys bicycles, as that Mr. George Wyndham owns to fox-hunting, Mr. Goschen confesses coyly to literature, and Lord Curzon to no recreation whatever.

FICTION.

"The Californians." By Gertrude Atherton. London: Lane.

WE are disinclined to give "The Californians" any of the praise which is its due, because those who wish to learn Mrs. Atherton's very unusual gifts (and they are worth knowing) will find them more fully displayed elsewhere, and those who already know "American Wives and English Husbands," and that blazing panorama "Patience Sparhawk," need not be told that the author's powers are out of the common. "Patience Sparhawk" was an unbeautiful production, a bewildering review of material but a final statement of nothing; it was wanting in repose, it showed no fine sense of choice; it was unrestrained, uncomposed. "The Californians" leaves much the same impression, although it is far quieter, and, it must be added, a good deal duller. Indeed it reads as if the author, suspecting the tendency of her imagination to range loose, and wishing to avoid the artless anarchy of the book which told the many experiences of Patience, had determined to write of a heroine to whom fewer things happened, to whom, in fact, only one thing happens, and so perforce gain unity. It is true that there is only one main motive in "The Californians," namely, the manner in which a certain girl falls in love. But, alas! the author brings to the apparently simpler task the old method of "Patience Sparhawk," the panoramic method. Instead of taking up her stand where the action begins, and seeing her heroine's past in perspective, she begins at the beginning with a review of Magdalena's childhood. She spends altogether ninety pages out of the total three hundred and fifty in trying to drive into our unwilling heads, by means of disjointed incidents, what kind of a solitary child Magdalena Yorba was. On one page we are given an incident to show that she is troubled by a severe conscience, on another page something else to show that her childish dreams of a caballero lover are over; we are informed by various separate means that she has intellect but lacks facility, that she desires beauty, ease in society, that she is cut off by her limitations from a careless world; then she is tempted into a childish escapade which reveals her pride, then she reads Darwin and loses her religion, then she tries to write—and so on. A quarter of the book is thus mere preparation, and preparation that is quite uncalled for, since Magdalena is going to fall in love, and she is the kind of girl, as the author herself declares, whose love reveals her entire character, nay, all her past history. It is a grave error in technique to make a proem of disjointed incidents, before any action begins, in order to drag forth, as from a lifeless body, reluctant characteristics that would yield themselves, almost of their own accord, to a gentle hand, directly the character begins to move in action. The skilful artist is always for killing two birds with one stone. And the unskilfulness cuts both ways; it not only means that the first quarter of the book lies an unattractive dead weight, it also means the impoverishment of the action when it does come.

Magdalena has been so forced upon our attention, when we did not want to look at her, before she began to live in action, that now, when we could stare at her for hours together, she may be hurried past us, because we are supposed to know all about her. The author reduces her method to its obvious absurdity when, for fear of repetition, she has to cut her action at the most exquisite moment, and merely remark to us that the man of the world, alone with the child in her woods, "learned almost all there was to know" about her, from the dreamed caballero to the surrender of her religion. No doubt Trennahan "was profoundly interested"; but where do we, the reader, all eyes by this time, where do we come in? Was it not enough that we should drag through ninety pages of dead incidents? Must we now be stinted of the play between the man of the world, tired of his twenty years' experience of every sort of woman, and the proud, shy, troubled girl, who has never found attention before? If only, in addition to her other powers of imagination, Mrs. Atherton possessed the sensitive eye that would be arrested by such a companionship as she here reviews. We would give much to see the author of "Patience Sparhawk" thus arrested, see her lingering, fascinated by the sight of a situation, cherishing, brooding, until some of her restless knowledge, that looked so striking at first, fell away, and, a little humbled, she saw the rest sink, every bit in its just place, to build up and fill out the action into a final statement of one beautiful thing.

Whenever any of the characters in Mr. Fred Wishaw's "The Brothers of the People" (Pearson) show signs of becoming interesting he removes the threatened trouble with a sensation. What will happen when an engaged man loves, and is wooed by another girl, a good girl, who yet gives way to the love in her heart? The situation is just arranged, the question has hardly risen to our lips, when the good girl discovers that the engaged couple are brother and sister. So much for that. The greater portion of the book, however, is still before us, and the sensational discovery makes no fresh complications? On the contrary, it has no consequences whatever. The question shows an entire misunderstanding of Mr. Wishaw's method—the sensation was not brought in to create, but to kill, a situation. A neglectful father is on the point of giving trouble by developing into a source of interest, when Mr. Wishaw finds that the neglected children are not his children. It does not take a genius to think of that. But it does take a Wishaw to drop such a sensation directly its work of frustration is accomplished. The third point of interest lies in the question whether Elsie, finding herself in the thick of a political war in Balkania, will follow her young friends and join the revolutionary party, or listen to graver counsels. It is here that Mr. Wishaw shows a consummate mastery of his method, for the burning question of her choice looks as if it must be answered one way or another. He escapes it by knocking Elsie down with a chance bomb, and delivering her thus helpless into the hands of a mesmerist, who suspends her volition, and wills her to become an active member of a revolutionary society. We do not wish further to complicate the Eastern Question, but we suggest that Balkania is not a fruitful territory for the student of humanity.

We agree with Mr. Holland, the author of "The Seed of the Poppy" (Pearson). We also are affected by the thought of a beautiful and gifted girl who cannot break herself of the morphia habit. We will even go further, and acknowledge that, although he has made no particular use of the idea, and although he has filled in with much superficial local colour that does not increase our interest in the profession of letters, something of the original tragedy of the situation manages to shine through his harmless, and therefore not unpleasant, rendering of it.

"The Changeling." By Sir Walter Besant. London: Chapman.

Sir Walter Besant is, one can scarcely doubt, our representative novelist, inasmuch as without being so bad as the worst, he is infinitely inferior to the best. He occupies indeed a little niche by himself. He has hit upon the golden mean; he has walked the flowery paths of mediocrity, without turning to this side or

that. Typically British, he has become a sort of national monument, and we are not, alas, happy in this sort of architecture. Was it before or was it after he was particularly recognised by a grateful country that he was inspired with the idea of improving our national literature by starting a school for teaching fiction? We forget. But it was almost quixotically hairbrained, this scheme of teaching the unteachable; for what is essential in fiction, personality, atmosphere, style, is certainly not to be taught. We wonder if there now exists at Hampstead or Brixton a place where aspiring novelists may be provided with brains at so much a term, and three terms to the year. Still, the realisation of the scheme is of little moment, as we have before us the model to which, we presume, the patterns of the school would be cut. There is nothing, we should imagine, in "The Changeling," excellent as it may be in some respects, which could not be successfully imitated by any fairly intelligent and diligent student. Indeed, as we were reading the book, we could almost imagine that we were listening to Sir Walter addressing the students of the new fiction which is to be taught at so much a term. "My dear young people," the address might have begun, "I presume that your presence here may be accounted for by the fact that you wish me to teach you how to make a respectable livelihood. If any of you should be influenced by other motives, by a desire, for instance, to give expression to any impracticable artistic theories, I must ask you to discontinue the present course of instruction, for to you I have nothing to say. I do not, I assure you, want to hear any nonsense about art, with a capital A, in these rooms. Art of this kind does not appeal to me; it suggests something at once strenuous and ill-disciplined that shocks me. I am inclined to associate some really very unhealthy qualities with what is called, in the cant of the day, the artistic temperament. The monumental conceit and vicious lives of those who are said to possess it appal me. We all know what art has done for our neighbours, our hereditary foes, across the Channel. Believe me, as represented in fiction, it is eating like a cancer into the very bosom of the French nation. We will therefore not talk about art or what one irrelevantly calls the higher motives. But we will talk about trade, about the law of supply and demand. For heaven's sake let us be practical; do not let us be led astray by intangible ideals. Let us take as a symbol the young man behind the counter. He does not attempt to enforce his own ideas upon his customers; he is courteous, diffident, receptive; learns what his customers want and supplies them with it. There is our position in a nutshell; it is a manly, honest, patriotic position. Art cannot give you anything better than that. Now that we have cleared the air on this point, let us descend to particulars. There is, for instance, my recent book, 'The Changeling' (it is down on your syllabus), which gives you in practical shape all that I have been saying. In writing that book (some of the reviewers say it is my best) I, like the young man behind the counter, studied the taste of my public, and I observed that nothing so titillated the palate of the average reader as what is called a *cause célèbre*. This guided me in the selection of a plot. And I may say parenthetically that I know of nothing more suggestive in the matter of plots than one's morning newspaper. You will, I think, agree with me that the idea of 'The Changeling,' the substitution of a living child for a dead one, is peculiarly happy, novel and unforced. It is a circumstance of almost daily occurrence, and yet how rich in romantic possibilities! Take, for instance, Lady Woodroffe's motive in wishing to replace her dead child. Foolish, indiscreet, as it no doubt was, it was nevertheless the act of a pure woman. Her husband, advanced in years and not likely to have further offspring, would scarcely have survived the loss of an only child to whom he was so passionately attached. She had the strongest incentive a good woman can have for doing what she did—the desire to spare her husband pain. And now, having arrived at our plot, we have to consider its development, the construction of the story, and here we must make, as it were, an anatomical study of the long arm of coincidence. This

will naturally lead you to think of your characters, and in selecting them you must obey a sort of law of contrasts. If you will turn to pages 24-5 you will see my meaning illustrated in the portraits of the two girls, Molly and Hilarie, one of whom I liken to Pallas Athene and the other to Aphrodite. Finally, there is the mere technical question of writing. To be quite frank I have no startling theories on this point. The purpose of language is to express thought, and if you have a wholesome mind facility in this direction is only a matter of practice. There are novelists, faddists, who are content with merely telling their story, who do not (as I think they would say) impose themselves upon their readers: they talk of impersonality. But that is ridiculous affectation. If any observation relevant to the situation in hand occurs to you as the author, the reader, if you have won his respect, will give it an attentive hearing. For instance, I may refer you to page 92 (fourth line from the top), where I say, 'Many there are on whose souls the sight of wealth in activity, producing its fruits in due season, proves sweet and balmy soothing,' and you will find thoughts as profound as that, as felicitously expressed, running through the book. I am done. Until next Thursday, then; and your answers, please, not later than by first post on Tuesday morning."

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"With Kitchener to Khartum." By G. W. Steevens. London: Blackwood.

MR. STEEVENS, one of our many brilliant war-correspondents, has produced a notable book. The style of his narrative is concise and spirited, and each page is replete with amusing anecdote and fine descriptive passages. The opening chapters are a trifle desultory, and a little more about Fashoda would have added considerably to the interest of the work. And, too, in places we have been reminded of the existence of Mr. Kipling. However, these objections hardly lessen the value of a most absorbing book, the accounts of the battles of Atbara and Omdurman being especially fine.

"Burton's Pilgrimage to Al-Madinah and Meccah, and Eothen." By A. W. Kinglake. London: Bell.

The former of these two famous books is a reprint of the "Memorial Edition," left incomplete at the death of Lady Burton; the latter is a faithful reproduction of the first edition, with its curious punctuation, subsequently altered words and phrases and illustrations. In both works we are mercifully spared the original, coarsely coloured plates, though in one instance the publishers have succumbed to temptation, and given us Burton in his pilgrim's garb, with all the old crudities.

"Hungarian Literature." By Emil Reich. London: Jarrold.

This is an exhaustive account of the progress of the literary art in Hungary from the advent of the Magyars, and folk-songs and ballads to the present day, and Jókai. It is a matter for regret that so much historical research and thoughtful care should have been expended on a subject of so little interest to the English public. Hungarian literature is represented in the popular mind by Jókai, whose novels are welcomed by a certain class of readers; but beyond Jókai they do not care to go. It is a curious fact that this attitude is precisely that of the Hungarians themselves; Jókai overshadows all other writers; yet the author considers him inferior to Sigismund Kemény, whose books are not read in his native country, and whose name is practically unknown in England. To those who are attracted by the subject we can cordially recommend the present volume.

"Letters of Rufus W. Griswold." Cambridge, Mass.: W. U. Griswold.

The unsophisticated Englishman who peruses these pages will find much to amaze him. He is plunged into a bewildering forest of closely printed letters from the very first page, and, if his eyes survive the continual irritation of the accent above the vowels, he will discover in due time that R. W. Griswold was an "ex-minister of the gospel, editor, and literary worker in general, to whom the country really owed much." Evidently he was "one of the most remarkable men in the country," as seen by Martin Chuzzlewit. It is utterly impossible for the uninitiated reader to comprehend the gist of these remarkable epistles, abounding as they do in allusions to bygone American politics, journalistic chatter, and colloquial slang of half a century ago. A few stray letters from such men as Poe, Hawthorne, Carlyle, Holmes and Thoreau supply a passing interest, but of the remainder the less said the better.

"The Story of Marco Polo." London: Murray.

Parents generally would do well to remember this book when the time for Christmas presents has arrived. The youthful appetite for the marvellous is boundless, but the appetite must

be voracious indeed which would not find satisfaction in the history of Kublai Khan of Mongolia. Mr. Brooks relates the travels of the Polos in suitably simple language, interspersed with judicious extracts from Marco's own narrative. The illustrations are numerous and well executed, and the whole forms a very attractive book.

"The Early Days of the Nineteenth Century in England." By W. Connor Sydney. London: Redway.

To those who prefer their history served up in the style of newspaper paragraphs the contents of this unwieldy volume may possibly appeal. We are concerned to read that between the years 1800-20 there were many highway-robbers; that the postal service was uncertain and expensive; that there was cock-fighting, duelling and pugilism; that schools were bad and the press-gang rampant; and that runaway couples patronised Gretna Green. Yet these details seem somewhat familiar, and any that are comparatively fresh are robbed of all historical value by an entire lack of references. We confess, also, to some curiosity as to why this book was obviously printed to form two volumes and is bound as one.

"Sketches and Studies in Italy and Greece." By J. A. Symonds. London: Smith, Elder.

This is the first series of the essays written by the late J. A. Symonds, which were published under the titles of "Italian Byways," "Sketches and Studies in Italy," and "Sketches in Italy and Greece." They are now arranged in topographical order for the convenience of travellers and incorporated in one book.

"Margaret of Denmark." By Mary Hill. London: Fisher Unwin.

This is one of those innocuous little books which call for no particular praise or blame. Miss Hill is a lady of good education, possessing some literary ability, and sufficient leisure to examine the score or so works dealing with the subject chosen. There are hundreds of the lesser-known historical personages around whom such biographies as this might be written. It is interesting enough to read, but too slight to have any permanent value.

(For This Week's Books see page 652.)

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Copies of the Prospectus, with forms of application can be obtained at the Offices of the Company, or from the Bankers, Brokers, or Solicitors.